

A.R.

# THE KNIGHT Of the BVRNING PESTLE.

Full of Mirth and Delight.

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Written by { *Francis Beaumont*, and { *Gent.*  
{ *John Fletcher*.

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As it is now Acted by Her Majesties Servants  
at the Private house in Drury lane.

1635.

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Quod si  
Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud  
Ad libros & ad hac Musarum dona vocares :  
Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

14

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LONDON:

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# THE GENEALOGY

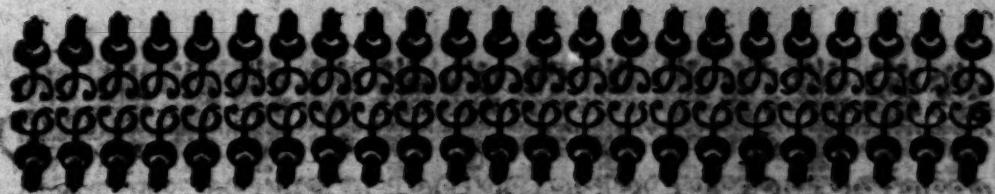
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# BARRYING PASTURE



• *Deinde dicitur quod non solum deus sed etiam homo potest esse fortis.*

• 2201



To the Readers of this  
C O M E D I E .

**G**Entlemen, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparrell there is no fashion; for Musick which is a rare Art, (though now slighted) no Instrument; for Diet, none but the French Kickshoes that are delicate; and for Playes, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular person, or else it is contemned before it is throughly understood: This is all that I have to say, that the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this Comedy, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which hee hopes will please all, and be hurtfull to none.

C O M E D Y .

THE PROLOGUE.

Here the Bee can sucke no Honey, shee  
leaves her sting behind; and where the  
Beare cannot finde Origanium to heale  
his griefe, hee blasphemeth all other lawes  
with his breath: We feare it is like to fare so with  
us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours  
sweete content, you leare behinde you a sower  
mislike, and with open reproach blame our good  
meanings, because you cannot reapre the wanted  
mirth. Our intent was at this time to moue in-  
ward delight, not outward lightnesse; and to  
brede ( if it might be ) soft smiting, not loud  
laughing: knowing it to the wiser to be a great  
pleasure, to heare counsell mixed with Wit, as  
to the foolish to have sport mingled with rude-  
nesse. They were banished the Theater of A-  
thens, and from Rome hissed; that brought Pa-  
rasites on the stage with apish actions, or fooles  
with uncivill habits, or Courtezans with immo-  
dest wordes. We have endeavoured to be as farre  
from



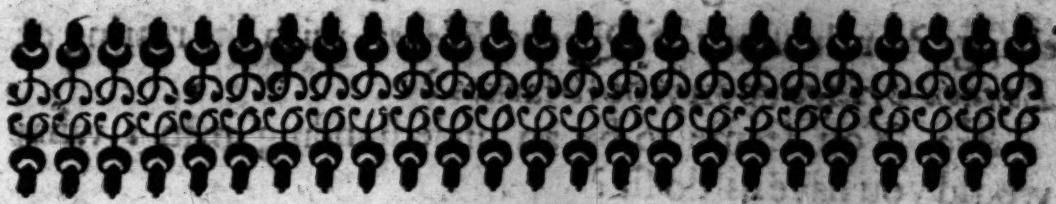
The Tylor's Song

*The Speakers Names.*

The Prologue.  
Then a Cittizen.  
The Cittizens wife, and  
*Raph* her man, sitting be-  
low amidst the Specta-  
tors.  
A rich Marchant.  
*Jasper* his Apprentice.  
Master *Humphrey*, a friend  
to the Marchant.  
*Luce* Marchants daughter.  
Mistresse *Merry-thought*,  
*Jaspers* mother.  
*Michael*, a second sonne

of Mistresse *Merri-*  
*thought*.  
Old Mr. *Merry-thought*.  
A Squire.  
A Dwarfe.  
A Tapster.  
A Boy that danceth  
and singeth.  
An Host.  
A Barber.  
Two Knights.  
A Captaine.  
A Sergeant.  
Souldiers.

THE



# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE Knight of the burning *PESTLE.*

*Enter PROLOGUE.*



Rom all that's neere the Court, from  
all that's great  
Within the compasse of the city-wals  
We now have brought our Sceane.

*Enter Citizen.*

*Cit.* Hold your peace good-man boy.  
*Pro.* What doe you meane sir?

*Cit.* That you have no good meaning: This seven yeates  
there hath beene playes at this house, I have observed it,  
you have still girds at Cittizens; and now you call your play  
*The London Merchant.* Downe with your Title boy,  
downe with your Title.

*Pro.* Are you a member of the noble City?

*Cit.* I am.

*Pro.* And a Free-man?

*Cit.* Yea, and a Grocer.

*Pro.* So Grocer, then by your sweet favour, wee intend  
no abuse to the City.

*Cit.* No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolv'd to play the  
Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposelie to a-  
buse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well  
as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the life & death  
of sir *Thomas Gresham*? with the building of the Royall Ex-

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

change? or the story of Queene Elenor, with the rearing of London-bridge upon wooll-sackes?

Pro. You seeme to be an understanding man: what would you have us do sir?

Cit. Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why, what doe you say to the life and death of fat Drake, or the repairing of Fleet-privies?

Cit. I doe not like that, but I will have a Cittizen, and he shall be of my owne Trade.

Pro. Oh you should have told us your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and hee shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him doe?

Cit. Marry I will have him—

Wife. Husband, husband.

Wife below.

Rafe. Peace mistresse.

Rafe below.

Wife. Hold thy peace Rafe, I know what I do, I warrant ye. Husband, husband.

Cit. What sai'st thou cunny?

Wife. Let him kill a Lyon with a Pestle husband, let him kill a Lyon with a Pestle.

Cit. So he shall, I'le have him kill a Lyon with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband, shall I come up husband?

Cit. I cunny. Rafe, helpe your mistresse this way: pray gentlemen make her a little roome, I pray you sir lend mee your hand to helpe up my wife: I thanke you sir. So.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all, I' me something troublesome, I' me a strāger here, I was nere at one of these plays as they say, before; but I should have seene Jane Shore once, and my husband hath promised mee any time this twelve moneth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchams, but in truth he did not; I pray you beare with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of tooles, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

Pro. But sir, wee have never a boy to play him, every

one

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

one hath a part already.

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew me if I doe not thinke he will go beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remembred wife, come up *Rafe*: I'le tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suite of reparrell, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow windes in the taile on him, I'le be hang'd.

*Wife.* I pray you youth let him have a suite of reparrell, I'le be sworne Gentlemen, my husband tells you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feard I warrant you, that we quake againe: wee'l feare our children with him if they bee never so unruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes, Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quiet as Lambes. Hold up thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst do, speake a huf-fing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do *Rafe*, do.

*Rafe.* By heaven me thinkes it were an easie leape To plucke bright honour from the pale fac'd Moone, Or dive into the bottome of the sea, Where never fathome line toucht any ground, And plucke up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

*Cit.* How lay you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

*Wife.* Nay Gentlemen, he hath playd before, my husband sayes, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

*Cit.* I, and he should have playd *Jeronimo* with a shoo-maker for a wager.

*Pro.* He shall have a suite of apparrell if he will goe in.

*Cit.* In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lov'st me.

*Wife.* I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's drest.

*Pro.* But what will you have it call'd?

*Cit.* The Grocers honour.

*Pro.* Me thinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

Wife I'le be sworne husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin, my wife and I will sit downe.

Pro. I pray you doe.

Cit. What stately musicke have you? you have shawnes.

Pro. Shawnes? no.

Cit. No? I'me a thiefe if my minde did not give me so. Rafe playes a stately part, and he must needs have shawnes: I'le be at the charge of them my selfe, rather then wee'l be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be: there's two shillings, let's have the Waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellowes as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o're the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them: will you sit downe then?

Cit. I, come wife.

Wife Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'me bold to sit amonst you for my eale.

Pro. From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great Within the compasse of the Citty-walles, We now have brought our Sceane: Aye farre from hence All private taxes, immodest phrases, What ere may but shew like vicious: For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings, But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things, Thus much for that we do: but for Rafe's part You must answere for your selfe.

Cit. Take you no care for Rafe, hee'ldischarge himselfe I warrant you.

Wife. I faith Gentlemen, I'le give my word for Rafe.

Actus primus, Sceana prima.

Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Prentice.

March. Sirrah, I'le make you know you are my Prentice, And whom my charitable love redeem'd Even from the fall of fortune, gave thee heate

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

And growth, to be what now thou art new cast thee,  
Adding the trust of all I have at home,  
In forren Staples, or upon the Sea  
To thy direction, ti' de the good opinions  
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeavours,  
Sofaire were thy beginnings, but with these  
As I remember you had nevercharge,  
To love your Masters daughter, and even then,  
When I had found a wealthy husband for her.  
I take it, sir, you had not : but how ever,  
I'le breake the neck of that commission,  
And make you know you are but a Marchants Factor.

*Iasp.* Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,  
Bound both by love and duty to your service;  
In which, my labour hath beene all my profit;  
I have not lost in bargaine, nor delighted  
To weare your honest gaines upon my back,  
Nor have I given a pencion to my blood,  
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stocke.  
These, and the miseries that do attend them,  
I dare with innocence, proclaim are strangers  
To all my temperate actions ; for your daughter,  
If there be any love to my deserving,  
Borne by her vertuous selfe, I cannot stop it.  
Nor am I able to refraine her wishes.  
She's private to her selfe and best of knowledge,  
Whom she'le make so happy as to sigh for.  
Besides, I cannot thinke you meane to match her,  
Vnto a fellow of so lame a presence,  
One that hath little left of Nature in him.

*Mar.* 'Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisedome  
How all this shall be cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

*March.* And thus it must bee sir, I heere discharge you,  
My house and service, take your liberty,  
And when I want a sonne I'le send for you. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* These be the faire rewards of them that love,  
O you that live in freedome never prove

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

The travell of a minde led by desire. *Enter Luce.*  
*Luce.* Why how now friend, strucke with my fathers thun-  
Iasp. Strucke, and struck dead, unlesse the remedy (der)  
Be full of speed and vertue; I am now,  
What I expected long, no more your fathers.

*Luce.* But mine. *Ias.* But yours, and only yours I am,  
That's all I have to keep me from the statute:  
You dare be constant still. *Luce.* O feare me not.  
In this I dare be better then a woman.  
Nor shall his anger, nor his offers moove me,  
Were they both equall to a Princes power,

*Iasp.* You know my rivall? *Luce.* Yes, and love him dearly,  
Even as I love an ague, or foule weather,  
I prethee *Iasper* feare him not. *Iasp.* O no,  
I do not meane to do him so much kindnesse,  
But to our owne desires you know the plot  
We both agreed on *Luce.* Yes and will performe  
My part exactly. *Iasp.* I desire no more,  
Fare-well and keep my heart, tis yours. • *Luce.* I take it,  
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

*Citz.* Eye upon 'em little infidels, what a matters here  
now? well, I le be hang'd for a halfe-peny, if there be not  
some abomination knavery in this Play, well let 'em look  
toot, *Rafe* must come, and if there be any tricks a brewing---

*Wife* Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a gods name,  
*Rafe* wil find al out I warrant you, and they were older then  
they are. I pray my pretty youth, is *Rafe* ready?

*Boy* He will be presently.

*Wife* Now I pray you make my commendations unto  
him, and withall carry him this sticke of Licoras, tell him his  
Mistresse sent it him, and bid him bite a peece, twil open his  
pipes the better, say.

*Enter Marchant, and Master Humphery.*

*Mar.* Come sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours,  
You have my hand, for other idle lets  
Betweene your hopes and her, thus, with a wind  
They are scattered, and no more; my wanton presentice,

*That*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

That like a blader, blew himselfe with love,  
I have let out, and sent him to discover  
New masters yet unknowne. *Hum.* I thanke you sir.  
Indeed I thanke you sir, and ere I stir,  
It shall be knowne how everyou doe deeme,  
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seeme.

*March.* O sir, I know it certaine. *Hum.* Sir my friend,  
Although as writers say, all things have end,  
And that we call a pudding, hath his two  
O let it not seem strange I pray to you,  
If in this bloody simile, I put  
My love, more endlesse, then fraile things or gut.

*Wife Husband* I prethee sweet lamb tell me one thing,  
but tell me trueley: stay youths I beseech you, till I quetion  
my husband. *Cit.* What isit mouse?

*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier childe how it  
behaves it selfe, I warrant yee: and speakes and lookes, and  
pearts up the head? I pray you brother with your favor, were  
you never none of M. Monkesters scholers?

*Cit.* Chickin, I prethee heartily containe thy selfe, the  
childefare pretty childer, but when Rafe comes, Lamb.

*Wif.* I, when Rafe comes, conny; well my youth you may,

*Mar.* Well sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope proceed  
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughters,  
And wed her when you please; you must be bold,  
And clap in close unto her, come, I know.

You have language good enough to win a wench.

*Wif.* A whoretont tyrant has bin an old stringer in his daies, I  
warrant him. *Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and withall  
Yeeld love againe for love reciprocall. *Enter Luce.*

*Mar.* What Luce, within there. *Lu.* Cal'd you sir? *Mar.* I did  
Give entertainment to this Gentleman, *Lu.* as thin of son sta  
And see you be not froward to her sir;  
My presence will but be an ey-soare to you. *Exit.*

*Humf.* Faire Mistresse Luce, how do you, are you well?  
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell,  
How doth your little sister, and your brother?

*And*

# The Knight of the burning Pestle.

And whether you love me or any other. I do what I can (are.)

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered. Hump. So they  
Where women are not cruel : but how far  
Is it now distant from the place we are in,  
Unto that blessed place your fathers warren.

Luce. What makes you thinke of that sir? saith he to me.

*Hum.* Even that face  
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,  
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,  
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,  
And there beganne. *Luce.* Your game sir. *Hum.* Let no game  
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,  
Be evermore remembred, thou faire killer  
For whom I sate me downe and brake my Tiller.

*Wife.* There's a kinde Gentleman, I warrant you, when  
will you do as much for me George? Shakspeare

Luce. Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,  
But as the proverb saies I cannot cry,  
I would you had not seene me. *Humf.* So would I.  
Unlesse you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion be withstand'd,  
Send for a Constable and raise the Towne.

*Hum.* O no, my valiant love will batter downe  
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,  
Even that great watch of Mid-summer day at night.

Luce. Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yeelded then,  
Weake women cannot hope, where valiant men  
Have no resistance. Hum. Yeeld then, I am full  
Of pitty, though I say it, and can pull.

Out of my pocket, thus, a paire of gloves.  
Looke Lucy, looke, the dogs cooch, nor the Doves  
Are not so whit as these; and sweet they be,  
And whipt about with silke, as you may see:  
If you desire the price, sute from your eye,  
A beame to this place, and you shall espie  
F. S. which is to say my sweetest honie,  
They cost me three and two pence, or no monie.

LNGC.

*The Knight of the burning Peale.*

*Luce.* Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you,  
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Lz.* Why then  
*Humf.* Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell, (farewell.  
Before we part, for what we met together,  
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.

*Luce.* Speake and declare your minde in termes so briefe.

*Humf.* I shall, then first and formost for relief  
I call to you, if that you can affoord it,  
I care not at what price, for on my word, it  
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me  
More then I le speake of now, for love hath cost me  
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball,  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

*Luce.* Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.

*Humf.* I thanke you heartily, and as I say,  
Thus doe I still continue without rest,  
I'ch'morning like a man, at night a beast,  
Roaring and bellowing mine owne disquiet,  
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,  
Will bring me presently to that quandarie,  
I shall bid all adieu. *Luce.* Now by S. Mary  
That were great pittie. *Hum.* So it were beshrew me,  
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pittie shew me.

*Luce.* Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth  
Without my fathers grant, get his consent,  
And then you may with assurance try me.

*Humf.* The Worshopfull your sire will not denie me.  
For I have ask't him, and he hath repli'd,  
Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

*Luce.* Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.

*Hum.* And so am I in truth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you,  
There is another clause must be annext,  
And this it is, I swore and will performe it;  
No man shall ever joy me as his wife,  
But he that stole me hence: if you dare venter,  
I am yours; you needes not feare, my father loves you;  
If not, farewell for ever. *Hum.* Stay Nymph, stay,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

I have a double Gelding coloured bay,  
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,  
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,  
Yet true as trusly tree. *Luce.* I am satisfied,  
And so I give my hand, our course must lie  
Through Waltham Ferrest, where I have a friend  
Will entertaine us, so farewell sir *Humphrey.* *Exit Luce.*  
And thinke upon your busynesse. *Humf.* Though I die,  
I am resolv'd to venter life and liuin,  
For one so young, so faire, so kinde, so trim. *Exit Humf.*

*Wife.* By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am vertuous, it is e'ne the kindest yong man that ever trod on shooe leather: well, go thy waies if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault' faith.

*Cit.* I prithee mouse be patient, a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoake for't.

*Wife.* That's my good lambe *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco kils men, would therewere none in *England*: now I pray gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do you nothing, I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: O husband, husband, now, now, there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentices.*

*Reading Palmerin of England.*

*Cit.* Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe*; do not straine your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from their Dwarves, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt a-maine after the Gyant, & *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of him, came posting a-maine, saying; Stay trayterous thiefe, for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the world, and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroake him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* comming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soone besides his horse, with his necke broken in the fall, so that the Princesse getting out of the throng, betwene joy and grieve said; all happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Armes, now may I be well assured of the

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

the love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings do not raise an army of foureteene or fifteene hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rocicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that goe in quest of their Knights.

*Wife* Faith husband and *Rafe* saies true, for they say the King of *Portugall* cannot sit at his meat, but the Giants & the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue; on *Rafe*.

*Rafe* And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Desarts to releeve poore Ladies.

*Wife*. I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

*Rafe* There are no such curtuous and faire well spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the sonne of a whore, that *Palmerine* of England, would have called faire sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called right beauteous Damsel, they will call dam'd bitch.

*Wife* I'le be sworne will they *Rafe*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scury pipe of Tobacco.

*Rafe* But what braye spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of wood, and a blew aporne before him, selling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feates of Armes, and through his noble atchievements procure such a famous history to be written of his heroicke prouesse.

*Cit.* Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

*Wife* They goe finely by my troath.

*Rafe* Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our Company, for amongst all the worthy bookes of Atchievements I do not call to minde that I yet red of a Grocer Errant, I will bee the said Knight, have you heard of any that hath wanded unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfe, my elder Prentice

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

*Tim* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my dwarfe, hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall be purtraid, a burning Pestle, and I will be call'd the *Knight o'th burning Pestle*.

*Wife* Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meeke. *Rafe. Tim.*

*Tim. Anon.*

*Rafe* My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarfe, I charge you that from hence-forth you never call me by any other name, but the Right courteous & valiant knight of the burning Pestle, & that you never call any female by the name of a woman, or wench, but faire Lady, if she have her desires, if not distressed Damsell, that you call all Forrests & Heaths Defarts, and all horses Palfries.

*Wife* This is very fine, faith do the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, thinkē you husband?

*Cit.* I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shooes in their shop for him.

*Rafe* My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and over it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* Sir, my master sent me, to know whether you are riding?

*Rafe* No, thus; faire sir, the Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle, commanded me to enquire, upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsels, or otherwise.

*Cir.* Whorson block-head cannot remember.

*Wife* I faith, & *Rafe* told him on't before al the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

*Geor.* Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsell, to have a halspeny-worth of peper.

*Wife* That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child. *Rafe.* Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shoppe, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Squire and Dwarfe, I must bespeak my shield and arming  
pestle.

Cit. Goe thy waies Rafe, as I am a true man, thou art the  
best on 'em all.

Wife Rafe, Rafe.

Rafe. What say you mistresse?

Wife I prethee come againe quickly sweet Rafe.

Rafe By and by.

Exit Rafe

Ente Jasper, and his mother Mistris merri-thought.

Mist. mer. Give thee my blessing? no, I'le ner'e give  
thee my blessing, I'le see thee hang'd first; it shall ner'e bee  
said I gave thee my blessing, th'art thy fathers owne sonne,  
of the right blood of the Mery-thoughts, I may curse the  
time that e're I knew thy father, he hath spent all his owne,  
and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dan-  
ces, and sings, and cries, *A merry heart lives long-a.* And  
thou art a wast-thrift, and art runne away from thy master,  
that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a  
little for my yonger sonne Michael, and thou thinkst to be-  
zell that, but thou shalt never be able to doe it. Come hither  
Michael, come Michael, downe on thy knees, thou shalt  
have my blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

Mist. mer. God blessethee: but Jasper shall never have  
my blessing, he shall bee hang'd first, shall he not Michael?  
how faist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

Mist. mer. That's a good boy.

Wife I faith it's a fine spoken childe.

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parents loye  
I must preserve the duty of a childe:  
I ran not from my master, nor returne  
To have your stock maintaine my idlenesse.

Wife Ungracious childe I warrant him, harke how he  
chops logick with his mother: thou hadst best tell her she  
lyes; do tell her shee lyes!

Cit. If he were my sonne, I would hang him up by the

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

hoeles, and flea him and salt him, whoore-sone halter  
sacke.

*Iasp.* My comming onely is to beg your love,  
Which I must ever though I never, gaine it,  
And howsoever you esteeme of me,  
There is no drop of blood hid in these veines,  
But I remember well belongs to you  
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you  
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

*Mist merri.* I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God  
knowes) but Il'e hamper thee well enough : get thee in  
thou vagabond, get thee in, and learne of thy brother Mi-  
chael.

*Old merri.* within Nose, nose, jolly red nose, and who gave  
thee this jolly red nose?

*Mist merri.* Harke my husband he's singing and hoiting,  
And I me faine to caue and care, and all little enough.  
*Husband, Charles, Charles Merrythought.*

*Enter old Merrythought.*

*Old merri.* Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

*Mist merri.* If you would consider your state, you would  
have little list to sing, I-wisse.

*Old merri.* It should never be considred, while it were an  
estate, if I thought it would spoile my singing.

*Mist merri.* But how wilt thou do *Charls*, thou art an  
old man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not forty  
shillings left, and thou eatest good meat and drinkest good  
drinke, and laughest?

*Old merri.* And will do.

*Mist merri.* But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

*Old merri.* How? why how have I done hitherto this forty  
yeares? I never came into my dyning roome, but at eleven &  
six a clocke, I found excellent meat and drinke a th table, my  
cloathes were never worne out, but next morning a Tailor  
brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so  
ever use makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little

straining

## The Knight of the burning Pestle

straining my selfe extraordinary, & laugh my selfe to death.

*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this : is not he George ?

*Cit.* Yes Cunny.

*Wife.* Give me a penny i'th purse while I live George.

*Cit.* I by Ladie cunnie, hold thee there.

*Mist. merri.* Well Charles, you promis'd to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael, I pray you pay Jasper his portion, hee's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stocke : he saies his master turn'd him away, but I promise you truely, I thinke he ran away.

*Wife.* No indeed mistresse Merrithought, though he be a notable gallowes, yet I'le assure you his master did turne him away, even in this place 'twas I'faith within this halfe houre, about his daughter, my husband was by.

*Cit.* Hang him rogue, he serv'd him well enough : love his masters daughter ! by my troth Cunny, if there were a thousand boyes, thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their parts, let his mother alone with him.

*Wife.* I George, but yet truth is truth.

*Old merri.* Where is Jasper, hee's welcome how ever, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merrie ?

*Enter Jasper and Michael.*

*Mist. merri.* I foule chive him, he is too merrie. *Jasper,* *Michael.*

*Old merri.* Welcome Jasper, though thou run'st away, welcome, God blesse thee : 'tis thy mothers minde thou shouldest receive thy portion ; thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to governe it ; thou art of sufficient yeares, hold thy hand : one, two, three, foure, five, sixe, seven, eight, nine, thiere's ten shillings for thee, thrust thy selfe into the world with that, and take some settled course, if fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place, come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good husband, that is, weare ordinarie clothes, eat the belt meate, and drinke the best drinke, be merrie, and give to the poore, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

*Jasper*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Iasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,  
And long have cause to be thus merry still.  
But father?

Old merri. No more words Iasper, get thee gone, thou  
haſt my blessing, thy fathers ſpirit upon thee. Farewell Ias-  
per, but yet or ere you part (oh cruell!) kiffe me, kiffe me  
sweeting, mine owne deare jewell: So, now begone; no  
words.

Enter Iasper.

Mif. mer. So Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forſooth mother, but Ile have my fathers bleſ-  
ſing first.

Mif. mer. No Michael, 'tis no matter for his bleſſing,  
thou haſt my bleſſing, begone; I'le fetch my money, and  
jewels, and follow thee: I'le ſtay no longer with him I war-  
rant thee, truely Charles I'le begone too.

Old merri. What you will not?

Mif. mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old merri. Hey ho, fare-well Nan, I'le never trust wench  
more againe, if I can.

Mif. mer. You ſhall not thinke (when all your owne  
is gone) to ſpend that I have beeene ſcraping up for Mi-  
chael.

Old merri. Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I have  
to doe in this world, is to be merry: which I ſhall, if the  
ground be not taken from me: and if it be,  
When earth and ſeas from me are reft,  
The ſkies aloft for me are left.

Exeunt.

Boy danceth, Musick. Finis Actus primi.

Wife. I'le be ſworne hee's a merry old Gentleman for all  
that. Harke, harke husband, harke, fiddles, fiddles; now ſure-  
ly they go finely. They ſay, 'tis present death for these fidlers  
to tune their Rebeckes before the great Turkes grace, is't  
not George? But looke, looke, here's a youth dances: now  
good youth do a turne a'th toe, sweet hearts, I'faith Ile have  
Rafe come and do ſome of his Gambols; hee'le ride the wild  
mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to fee him,  
I thankē you kinde youth, pray bid Rafe come.

Cit.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Peace Cunnie. Sirrah, you scurvie boy, bid the players send Rafe, or by Gods---and they doe not, I'le teare some of their periwigs beside their heads : this is all Rafe Rafe.

### Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

March. And how faith? how goes it now ion Humphrey?

Humph, Right worshipfull, and my beloved friend  
And father deare, this matter's at an end.

March. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'me glad the girle  
Is found so tractable. Humph. Nay, she must whirle  
From hence, and you must winke : for so I say,  
The storie tels, to morrow before day.

Wife. George, do'st thou thinke in thy conscience now 'twil  
be a match? tell me but what thou thinkst sweet rogue, thou  
seest the poore Gentleman (deare heart) how it labours and  
throbs I warrant you, to be at rest : I'le goe move the father  
for't.

Cit. No, no, I prethee sit still hony-suckle, thoul't spoile all,  
if he deny him, I'le bring halfe a dozē good fellows my selfe,  
& in the shutting of an evening knock't up, & ther's an end.

Wife. I'le busse thee for that i' faith boy ; well George, wel,  
you have beene a wag in your daies I warrant you : but God  
forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

March. How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow  
Before day breake, you must convey her hence.

Hump. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,  
Your daughter rides upon a browne-bay steed,  
Jon a forrell, which I bought of Brian,  
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion  
In Waltham situate : then if you may,  
Consent in seemely sort, leit by delay,  
The fatall sisters come, and doe the office,  
And then you'l sing another song. March. Alasse,  
Why should you be thusfull of grieve to me?  
That do as willing as your selfe agree

## The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

To any thing so it be good and faire,  
Then Iteale her when you will, if such a pleasure  
Content you both, I'le sleepe and never see it,  
To make your joyes more full : but tell me why  
You may not here performe your marriage?

*Wife* Gods blessing a thy loule old man, i' faith thou art  
loath to part true hearts, I see a has her *Georg*, & Ime as glad  
on't, well, go thy waies *Humphrey*, for a faire spaken man, I  
beleeve thou hast not thy fellow within the wals of *London*,  
& I should say the Suburbs too, I should not lie, why doſt  
not rejoice with me *George*? (mine Host i' faith.)

*Cit.* If I could but ſee *Raph* againe, I were as merry as  
*Hum.* The cauſe you ſeenie to aske, I thus declare,  
Help me Oh *Muses* nine, your daughter ſware  
A foolish oath, the more it was the pittie :  
Yet none but my ſelfe within this Cittie  
Shall dare to ſay ſo, but a bold defiance  
Shall meeke him, were he of the noble Science.  
And yet ſhe ſware, and yet why did ſhe ſweare?  
Truely I cannot tell, unleſſe it were  
For her owne eafe: for ſure ſometimes an oath,  
Being ſworne thereaſter, is like cordiall broth.  
And this it was ſhe ſwore, never to marrie,  
But ſuch a one, whose mighty arme could carrie  
(As meaning me, for I am ſuch a one)  
Her bodily away through ſticke and ſtone,  
Till both of us arrive, at her request,  
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *Waltham Forrest*.

*March.* If this be all, you ſhall not neede to feare  
Any deniall in your love, proceed,  
I'le neither follow, nor repente the deed.

*Hum.* Good-night, twenty good nights, & twenty more,  
And 20. more good-nights, that makes three-score. *Exeunt.*

*Enter mistresse Merri-thought, and her ſonne Michael.*

*Mift.mer.* Come *Michael*, art thou not wearie boy?

*Mich.* No for-footh mother not I.

*Mift.mer.* Where be we now childe?

*Mich.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Mich. Indeed for-sooth mother I cannot tell, unless we  
be at Mile-end, is not all the world Mile-end, Mother?

Mist.mer. No Michael, not all the world boy; but I can as-  
sure thee Michael, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has  
bin a pitch-field my child, betweene the naughty Spaniels  
& the English-men, & the Spaniels ran away Michael, and  
the English-men followed: my neighbour Coxstone was  
there boy, & kil'd them all, with a burding piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. mer. What saies my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father goe with us too?

Mist.mer. No Michael, let thy father goe snicke-up, he shal  
never come betweene a paire of sheets with me againe, while  
he lives: let him staie at home & sing for his supper boy, come  
childe sit downe, and I'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed,  
looke here Michael, her's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, & here's  
a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and her's monie and  
gold bi'th eye my boy. Mich. Shall I have all this mother?

Mist.mer. I Michael, thou shalt have all Michael.

Cit. How lik' st thou this wench?

Wife I cannot tell, I would have Rafe, George; I'le see no  
more else indeed-law, & I pray you let the youths understand  
so much by word of mouth, for I tell you truly, I'me afraid  
a my boy, come, come George, let's be merrie and wise, the  
child's a fatherlesse childe, and say they should put him into  
a straight paire of Gaskins, twere worse then a knot-grasse,  
he would never grow after it. Enter Rafe, Squire,

Cit. Here's Rafe, here's Rafe.

and Dwarfe.

Wife how doe you Rafe? you are welcome Rafe, as I may  
say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, wee  
are thy friends. Rafe, the gentlemen wil praise thee Rafe, if  
thou plaiest thy part with audacitie, begin Rafe a Gods name.

Rafe My trustie Squire unlace my Helme, give mee my  
hat, where are we, or what desart might this be?

Dw. Mirroure of knight-hood, this is, as I take it, the perillous  
Walthamdown; in whose bottom stāds the enchanted valley.

Mist.mer. O Michael, we are betrayd, we are betrayd, here

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

be Giants, fie, boy, fie boy fie. *Exeūt mother & Michael.*

*Rafe* Lace on my Helme againe : what noise is this?

A gentle Ladie flying ? the embrace

Of some uncurteous Knight, I will relieve her.

Go Squire, and say, the Knight that weares this Pestle

In honour of all Ladies, sweares revenge

Upon that recreant coward that pursues her.

Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire

That beares her companie. *Squire* I goe brave Knight.

*Rafe* My trusty Dwarfe and friend, reach mee my shield,

And hold it while I sweare : first by my knight-hood,

Then by the soule of *Amadis de Gaule*,

My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,

The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,

By this bright burning Pestle of mine honour,

The living Trophie, and by all respect

Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow

Never to end the quest of this faire Ladie,

And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour

I gaine their libertie. *Dwarfe* Heaven blesse the Knight

That thus releuees poore errant gentlewomen. *Exit.*

*Wife* I marrie *Rafe*, this has some favour in't, I would see

the proudest of them all offer to carry his booke after him.

But *George*: I will not have him go away so soone, I shal be

sick if he go away, that I shall ; call *Rafe* againe *George*, cal

*Rafe* againe, I prethe sweet heart let him come fight before

me, and let's ha some drums, and some trumpets, and let him

kill all that comes neere him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

*Cit.* Peace a little bird, hee shall kill them all, and they

were twenty more on 'em then there are. *Enter Jasper.*

When

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

When I am onely rich in misery?  
My fathers blessing, and this little coine  
Is my inheritance, a strong revenew,  
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee,  
There grow and multiply, whilst fresheraire  
Breeds me a fresher fortune: how, illusion!  
What hath the Divell coyn'd himselfe before me?  
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,  
And taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing  
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,  
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine.  
*Exit*  
*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifte youth should em-  
becill away the monie, the poore gentlewoman his mother  
will have a heavy heart for it, God knowes.

*Cit.* And reason good, sweet heart.

*Wife* But let him goe, I'le tell *Rafe* a tale in's eare shall  
fetch him againe with a Wanion I warrant him, if hebee  
above ground, and besides *George*, heere be a number of  
sufficient Gentlemen can witnesse, and my selfe, and your  
selfe, and the Musitians, if we be calld in question, but heere  
comes *Rafe*, *George*, thou shalt here him speake, an he were an  
Emperall.

*Enter Rafe and Dmarte.*

*Rafe* Comes not sir Squire againe?

*Dmarte.* Right courteous Knight,  
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Ladi;

*Enter mistresse Mer. and Michael, and Squire.*

For and the Squire of Damels as I take it,

*Rafe* Madam if any service or devoire  
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,  
Command it, I am prest to give you succour,  
For to that holy end I beare my Armeur.

*Mist. mer.* Alas sir I am a poore Gentlewoman, and I  
have lost my mony in this forrest.

*Rafe* Desart, you would say Lady, and not lost  
Whilst I have sword and launce, dry up your teares  
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

And tell the story if I may requestit,  
Of your disasterous fortune.

Mist. mer, Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand  
pound, e' ne all the monie I had laid up for this youth, upon  
the sight of your Mastership; you lookt so grim, and as I  
may say it, saving your presence, more like a Giant then a  
mortall man.

Rafe I am as you are, Ladie, so are they  
All mortall, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. mer. Has hee not cause to weepe do you thinke,  
when he hath lost his inheritance?

Rafe Yong hope of valour, weepe not, I am here  
That will confound thy foe, and pay it deare  
Upon his coward head, that dare denie,  
Distressed Squires, and Ladies equitie  
I have but one horse, on which shall ride  
This Ladie faire behinde me, and before  
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more  
Upon our next adventure; fairely speed  
Beside us Squire and Dwarfe to do us need

Cit. Did not I tell you Nel what your man would doe?  
by the faith of my body wench, for cleane action and good  
deliverie they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife And so they may i' faith, for I dare spake it boldly,  
the twelve companies of London cannot match him, timber,  
for timber, well George, and he be not inveigled by some of  
these paltry Players, I ha much marvell: but George we ha  
done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankfull.

Citiz. Yes I warrant you duckling.

Enter Humphery and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistresse Luce how ever I in fault am  
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto Waltham.  
But which way now to goe, or what to say  
I know not truely till it be broad day.

Luce O feare not master Humphery, I am guide  
For this place good enough. Hum. Then up and ride,  
Or if it please you, walke for your repose,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Or sit, or if you will, go plucke a Rose :  
Either of which shall be indifferent,  
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent  
Is so entangled ever to your will,  
As the poore hamelesse horse is to the Mill.

*Luce.* Faith and you say the word, wee'l e'ne sit downe,  
And take a nap. *Hum.* 'Tis better in the Towne,  
Where we may nap together : for beleieve me,  
To sleepe without a snatch wold mickle grieve me.

*Luce.* You're merry master Humphrey. *Hum.* So I am,  
And have beene ever merrie from my Dam.

*Luce.* Your Nurse had the lesse labour.

*Hum.* Faith it may be,  
Unless it were by chance I did beray me. *Enter Jasp.*

*Jasp.* Luce, deare friend *Luce.* *Luce.* Here Jasper.

*Jasp.* You are mine.

*Hum.* If it be so, my friend, you use me fine :  
What do you thinke I am ? *Jasp.* An arrant noddie.

*Hum.* A word of obloquie : now by Godsbody,  
I le tell thy master, for I know thee well.

*Jasp.* Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,  
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gave it :  
And say I paid you well. *Hum.* O sir I have it,  
And do confesse the painent, pray be quiet.

*Jasp.* Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,  
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce.* Alas poore Humphrey,  
Get thee some wholesome broth with sage and cumtrie :  
A little oyle of Roses, and a feather  
To noint thy backe withall. *Hum.* When I came hither,  
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dorry.

*Luce.* Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorrie  
I cannot beare thee company. *Hum.* Farewell,  
The Divels Dam was ne're so bang'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

*Manet* Humphrey.

*Wife.* This young Jasper will prove me another Things, a  
my conscience and he may be suffered ; *George,* dost not see  
*George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as

## The Knight of the burning Peale.

he were a Dragō; well if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that brought him up might have beene better occupied, I wis, then have taught him these fegaries, hee's ne in the highway to the gallows, God bleſſe him.

Cit. You're too bitter, cunny, the yong man may do wel enough for all this.

Wife Come hither master Humphrey, has hee hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some greene ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge, alas sweet lamb how thy tempels beate; take the peace on him sweet heart, take the peace on him.

Enter a boy.

Cit. No, no, you talke like a foolish woman, I'le ha Rafe fight with him, and swing him up well favourdly, sirrah boy come hither, let Rafe come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife I, and beate him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'le ha Raph come out, I'le make your house too hot for you else.

Boy Why sir he shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your waies good-man boy, I'le hold him a pennie hee shall have his belly-full of fighting now, ho here comes Raph, no more.

Enter Raph, mistresse Merri, Michael, Squire, & Dwarfe.

Raph What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keepe The paſſage, bound by love of Ladie faire, Or else but prickant. Hum. Sir, I am no Knight, But a poore Gentleman, that this same night, Had stolne from me on yonder Greene, My lovely wife, and suffered to be ſene Yet extant on my ſhoulders ſuch a greeting, That whilſt I live, I ſhall thinkē of that meeting.

Wife I Raph, he beat him unmercifully, Raph, and thou ſpar'ſt him Raph, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. No more, wife no more.

Raph. Where is the caitife wretch hath done this deed?  
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed  
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.  
And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse,  
In leaving the great venture of the purse, *Enter Jasper*  
And the rich casket till some better leasure, *and Luce.*

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Raph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,  
An Errant Knight at Armes, to crave delivery  
Of that faire Lady to her owne Knights armes.  
If he denie, bid him take choice of ground,  
And so defye him, *Squire* From the Knight that beares  
The golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.  
Unlesse thou make faire restitution  
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee  
He is an Ass, and I will keepe the wench,  
And knocke his Head-peece.

Raph. Knight, thou art but dead,  
If thou recall not thy uncurteous tearmes!

Wife Breake's pate Raph, breake's pate Raph, soundly.

Jasp. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle  
*Snatches away his Pestle.*

Shall try what temper,sir, your Morter's of :  
With that he stood upright in his stirrops,  
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skinne such a knocke,  
That he forsooke his horse, and downe he fell,  
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking of his Helmet.

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be downe so soone,  
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

*Exit Humphrey and Raph.*

Wife. Runne Raph, runne Raph, runne for thy life boy,  
Jasper comes, Jasper comes.

Jasp. Come Luce, we must have other Armes for you,  
Humphrey and Golden Pestle both adieu. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the divell, God blesse us, is in this Springald,

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

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the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that  
brought him up might have beeene better occupied, I wis,  
then have taught him these fegaries, hee'se ne in the high-  
way to the gallows, God blesse him.

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now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some  
greene ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but a has pep-  
per-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge, alas sweet lamb  
how thy tempels beate; take the peace on him sweet heart,  
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Enter a boy.

Cit. No, no, you talke like a foolish woman, I'le ha Rafe  
fight with him, and swing him up well favourdly, sirrah boy  
come hither, let Rafe come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife I, and beate him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies  
contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'le ha Raph come out, I'le make  
your house too hot for you else.

Boy Why sir he shall, but if any thing fall out of order,  
the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your waies good-man boy, I'le hold him a pen-  
nie hee shall have his belly-full of fighting now, ho here  
comes Raph, no more.

Enter Raph, mistresse Merri, Michael, Squire, & Dwarfe.

Raph What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keepe  
The passage, bound by love of Ladie faire,  
Or else but prickant. Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,  
But a poore Gentleman, that this same night,  
Had tolne from me on yonder Greene,  
My lovely wife, and suffered to be seene  
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,  
That whilst I live, I shall thinke of that meeting.

Wife I Raph, he beat him unmercifully, Raph, and thou  
sparst him Raph, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit.

## The Knight of the burning Pefle.

Cit. No more, wife no more.

Raph. Where is the caitife wretch hath done this deed?  
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed  
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.  
And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse,  
In leaving the great ventre of the purse, *Enter Jasper*  
And the rich casket till some better leasure, *and Luce.*

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Raph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,  
An Errant Knight at Armes, to crave delivery  
Of that faire Lady to her owne Knights armes.  
If he denie, bid him take choice of ground,  
And so defye him, *Squire* From the Knight that beares  
The golden Pefle, I defie thee Knight.  
Unlesse thou make faire restitution  
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee  
He is an Asse, and I will keepe the wench,  
And knocke his Head-peece.

Raph. Knight, thou art but dead,  
If thou recall not thy uncurteous tearmes:

Wife. Breake's pate Raph, breake's pate Raph, soundly.

Jasp. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pefle  
*Snatches away his Pefle.*

Shall try what temper,sir, your Morter's of:  
With that he stood upright in his stirrops,  
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skinne such a knocke,  
That he forsooke his horse, and downe he fell,  
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking of his Helmet.

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be downe so soone,  
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

*Exit Humphrey and Raph.*

Wife. Runne Raph, runne Raph, runne for thy life boy,  
Jasper comes, Jasper comes.

Jasp. Come Luce, we must have other Armes for you,  
Humphrey and Golden Pefle both adieu. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the divell, God blesse us, is in this Springald,

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

why George, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraide my boy's miscarried, if he be, though he were master Merri-thoughts sonne a thousand times, if there be any Law in England, I'le make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the matter sweete-heart, Jasper is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is enchanted, he could no more have stood in Raphs hands, then I can stand in my Lord Maiors. I'le have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Raph shall beate him yet: be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarfe, mistresse Merri-thought  
and Michaell.

Wife. O husband here's Raph againe, stay Raph, let me speake with thee, how dost thou Raph? art thou not shrodly hurt? the foule great Lungeis laid unmercifully on thee, there's some suger-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Raph had him at the Fencing-schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and downe the schoole, he should ne're come in my shop more.

Mist. mer. Truly master Knight of the Burning Peste  
I am weary.

Mich. Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

Raph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and you faire Squire, For in this Desart there must needs be plac't Many strong Castles, held by curteous Knights, And till I bring you safe to one of those, I sweare by this my Order ne're to leave you.

Wife. Well said Raph, George, Raph was ever comfor-table, was he not? Cit. Yes Ducke.

Wife. I shall ne're forget him: when wee had lost our child, you know it was straid almost alone, to Puddle-wharf and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, Raph was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistresse, saies he, let it goe, I'le get you another as good, did he not George? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he mouse.

Dwarfe

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

Dwarf I would we had a messe of Pottage, and a posse of drinke, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire Why we are at Waltham Townes end, and that's the Bell Inne.

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and Squire, I have discovered, not a stones cast off, An ancient Castle held by the old Knight Of the most holy order of the Bell, Who gives to all Knights errant entertaine: There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd, By the white hands of his owne Ladie deare. He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests: The first hight Chamberlaine, who will see Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheetes, Where never footman stretcht his butter'd Hams. The second hight Tapstro, who will see Our pots full filled, and no froth thererin: The thirde hight Squire Ostlero hight, Who will on palfries lickle with wijs of straw, And in the Manger put them oates enough, And never greate their teeth with candle snuffe.

Wife That same Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nole.

Rafe Knocke at the Gates my Squire with stately launce. Enter Tapstro.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a roomer?

Dwarf Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Peste, This is the Squire Tapstro.

Rafe Faire Squire Tapstro, I a wandring Knight, Height of the burning Peste in the quest Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse, Losing my selfe in this vast wildernes, Am to this Castle well by fortune brought, Where hearing of the goodly entertaine Your knight of holy Order of the Bell, Gives to all Damsels, and all errant Knights,

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapster An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome,  
Exeunt.

Wife George I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it Nel?

Wife Why George, shall Rafe beate no body againe? prethee sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall Nel, and if I joyne with him, wee'le knocke them all.

Enter Humfery and Marchant.

Wife O George here's master Humfery againe now, that lost Mistresse Luce, and mistresse Lucies father, master Humfery will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father it's true, in armes I ne're shall claspe her,  
For she is stolne away by your man Jasper.

Wife I thought he would tell him.

March. Unhappy that I am to loose my child, Now I beginne to thinke on Jaspers words, Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishnesse, Why didst thou let her goe? thou lovest her not, That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgiue me, I shall tell you true, Locke on my shoulders, the blacke and blew, Whilst too and fro faire Luce and I were winding,

He came and basted me with a hedge binding, March. Men and horses straight, we will be there, Within this houre, you know the place againe?

Hum. I know the place, where he my loynes did swadle, I'll get six gorses, and to each a faddle.

Mar. Meantime I'll go talke with Jaspers father Exeunt.

Wife George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Master Humfery has not Mistresse Luce yet, speak George, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No Nel, I warrant thet Jasper is at Puckridge with her by this.

Wife Nay George, you must consider Mistresse Lucies feete

## *The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

feete are tender, and besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you  
truely, I doe not see how he should get out of Waltham for-  
rest with her yet.

*Cit.* Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that Rafe  
has her not yet.

*Wife* I will not lay against Rafe hunny, because I have  
not spoken with him, but looke George, peace, heerlynes  
the merry old gentleman againe.

*Enter old Merry-thought.*

*Old mer.* When it was growne to darke mid-night,  
And all were fast a sleepe,  
*Incame Margarets grimly Ghost,*  
And stood at Williams feet.

I have mony, and meat and drinke before hand, till to  
morrow at noone, why shold I be sad? methinks I have  
halfe a dozen Joviall spirits within mee, I am three merry  
men, and three merry men: To what end shoud any man be  
sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to han-  
ging cries, troule the blacke boule to me: and a woman  
that will sing a catch in her Travell. I have seene a man come  
by my dore, with a serfous face, in a blacke cloake, without a  
hat-band, carrying his head as if hee lookt for pinnes in the  
street, I have lookt out of my window halfe a yeare after,  
and have spied that mans head upon London-bridge: 'tis vyle  
never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his worke, his mind  
is of nothing but filching

*Wife* Marke this George, 'tis worth noting: Godfrey my  
Tailor, you know never sings, and he had foureteene  
yards to make this Gowne, and I le besworne Mistresse Pen-  
nifstoun the Drapers wife had one made with twelve.

*Old mer.* Tis mirth that fils the veines with blood,  
More then wine, or sleepe, or food.  
Let each man keepe his heart at ease,  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keepe  
From diseases, must not weepe,  
But who ever laughs and sings,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gouts, or rhumes,  
Or lingringly his longs consumes :  
Or meets with aches in the bone,  
Or cathartes, or griping stone :  
But contented lives for aye,  
The more he laughs, the more he may.

*Wife* Look George, how faist thou by this George? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a' thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so morry George? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a countrey.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Cit.* Peace Conny, thou shalt see him take downe tool warrant thee; here's *Luces* father come now.

*Old mer.* As you came from *Walsingham*, frō the holy land, there met you not with my tru-love by the way as you came.

*March.* Oh Master merri-thought! my daughters gone, This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

*Old mer.* Why an if she be what care I? Or let her come, or goe, or tarry.

*Marc.* Mock not my misery, it is your sonne, Whom I have made my owne, when all forsooke him, Has stolne my only joy, my childe away. (gray,

*Old mer.* He set her on a milk-white steed, & himselfe upo a He never turn'd his face againe, but he bore her quite away.

*March.* Unworthy of the kindnessse I have shewn To thee, and thine: too late I well perceive Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

*Old Mer.* Yonr daughter, what a stir's here we yerdauhter? Let her goe, thinke no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing down, down, down: they fall down, and arise they never shall.

*Marc.* Oh might I behold her once againe. And she once more embrace her aged fire.

*Old mer.* Fie, how scurvily this goes: and she once more imbrace her aged fire? you'l make a dogge on her, will ye? she cares much for her aged fire I warrant you.

## The Knight of the burning Peſle.

She cares not for her daddy, nor she cares not for her mamme.

For ſhe is, ſhe is, ſhe is my Lord of Low-gaves Laffie.

March. For this thy ſcorne I will pursue  
That ſonne of thine to death.

Old merri. Do, and when you ha kil'd him,  
Give him flowers i' now Palmer, give him flowers i' now,  
Give him red and white, and bleu, greene, and yellow.

March. I'le fetch my daughter.

Old merri. I'le heare no more a your daughter, it spoiles  
my mirth.

March. I ſay I'le fetch my daughter.

Old merri. Was never man for Ladies ſake, downe, downe  
Tormented as I poore ſir Guy ? de derry downe,  
For Lucies ſake, that Lady bright, downe, downe,  
As ever men beheld with eye ? de derry downe.

March. I'le be reveng'd by Heaven. Exeunt.

Musick. Finis Actus secund.

Wife. How dußt thou like this George ?

Cit. Why this is well cunny : but if Raph were hot once,  
thou ſhouldſt ſee more.

Wife. The Fidlers goe againe husband.

Cit. I Nell, but this is ſcurvy musicke : I gave the whorfon gallowes money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the  
waits of Southwarke, if I heare him not ana : I'le twinge  
him by the eares. You Musitians, play Baloo.

Wife. No good George, let's ha Lachrime.

Cit. Why this is it cunny.

Wife. It's all the better George : now ſweet lambe, what  
ſtorie is that painted upon the cloth ? the conſutation of St.  
Paul ?

Cit. No lambe, that's Raph and Lucrece.

Wife. Raph and Lucrece ? which Raph ? our Raph ?

Cit. No mouse, that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian ? well, I wood the fidlers had done,  
that we might ſee our Raph againe.

Actus

# The Knight of the burning Petle.

## Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

*Jasp.* Come my deare dearc, though we have lost our way,  
We have not lost our selves : are you not wearie  
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest ?  
And frighted with the terrour that attends  
The darknesse of this wild unpeopled place ?

*Luce* No my best friend, I cannot either feare,  
Or entertaine a wearie thought, whilst you  
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me.  
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish  
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,  
Tell the long wearie steps, and number time,  
Start at a shadow, and shrinke up their blood,  
Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)  
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

*Jasp.* You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live  
I shall become your faithfull prisoner :  
And weare these chaines for ever. Come, sit downe,  
And rest your body, too too delicate  
For these disturbances ; so, will you sleepe ?  
Come, do not be more able then you are,  
I know you are not skilfull in these watches :  
For women are no souldiers ; be not nice,  
But take it, sleepe I say.

*Luce* I cannot sleepe,  
Indeed I cannot friend.

*Jasp.* Why then wee'l sing,  
And try how that will worke upon our sences.

*Luce* I'le sing, or say, or any thing but sleepe.

*Jasp.* Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart  
With that enchanting voice.

*Luce* You mocke me Jasper.

Song.

## The Knight of the burning Peale.

Song.

Jasp. Tell me (dearest) what is love ?  
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above,  
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,  
'Tis a boy they call desire.

'Tis a smile

Doth beguile

Jas. The poore hearts of men that prove  
Tell me more, are women true ?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jas. Are they faire, and never kinde ?

Luce. Yes, when men turne with the winde.

Jas. Are they froward ?

Luce. Ever toward oyle

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God  
Of heavy sleepe, lay on his heavy Mace  
Upon your eye-lids. Luce. I am very heavy.

Jasp. Sleepe, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:  
keepe from her faire blood, distempers, startings,  
Horrors, and fearefull shapes : let all her dreames  
Be joyes, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,  
And such new pleasures, as the ravish't soule  
Gives to the sences. So my charmes have tooke.

keepe her you powres divine, whilst I contemplate  
Upon the wealth and beauty of her minde.  
She is onely faire, and constant : onely kind,  
And onely to thee Jasp. Oh my joyes !

Whither will you transport me ? let not sulnesse  
Of my poore buried hopes, come up together,  
And over-charge my spirits : I am weake,  
Some say ( how ever ill ) the sea and women  
Are govern'd by the Moone, both ebbe and flow,  
Both full of changes : yet to them that know,  
And truely judge, these but opinions are,  
And heresies to bring on pleasing warre.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Betweene our tempers, that without these were  
Both void of after-love, and present feare.  
Which are the best of Cupid. O thou child!  
Bred from despaire, I dare not entertaine thee,  
Having a love without the faults of women,  
And greater in her perfect goods then men:  
Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,  
Though certaintly I am certaine of her love,  
Ile try her, that the world and memory  
May sing to after times her constancy.  
*Luce, Luce, awake.* *Luce.* Why do you fright me friend,  
With those distempred looks? what makes your sword  
Drawne in your hand? who hath offended you?  
I prethee *Jasper* sleepe, thou art wilde with watching.

*Jasp.* Come make your way to heaven, and bid the world  
(With all the villanies that sticke upon it)  
Farewell; you're for another life. *Luce.* Oh *Jasper*!  
How have my tender yeares committed evill,  
(Especially against the man I love)  
Thus to be cropt untimely. *Jasp.* Foolish girle,  
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter,  
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?  
Discharged me his service, shut the doores  
Upon my poverty, and scorned my prayers,  
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,  
To sinke or swim? Come, by this hand you dye,  
I must have life and blood to satisfie  
Your fathers wrongs.

*Wife.* Away *George*, away, raise the watch at Ludgate,  
and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate  
villaine. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace  
kept. O my heart what a varlet's this, to offer man-slaugh-  
ter upon the harmelesse Gentlewoman?

*Cit.* I warrant thes (sweet heart) wee'll have him han-  
pered.

*Luce.* Oh *Jasper*, be not cruel, If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly.

And

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

And let not many deaths appeare before me.  
I am a woman made of feare and love,  
A weake, weake woman, kill not with thy eyes,  
They shoothe me through and through.  
Strike I am ready.  
And dying still I love the. *Enter Merchant, Humphery.*

*March.* Where abouts? *Enter Humphery and his men.*

*Jasp.* No more of this, now to my selfe againe.  
*Hum.* There, there he stands with sword like martial knight  
Drawne in his hand, therefore beware the figher  
You that be wise; for were I good sir Bovis  
I would not stay his comming, by your leaves.

*Marc.* Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

*March.* Upon him then.

*Wife* So, downe with him, downe with him, downe with  
him: cut him i' th leg boyes, cut him i' th leg.

*Marc.* Come your waies Minion, I' le provide a Cage  
for you, you're growne so tame. Horse her away.

*Hum.* Truely I'me glad your forces haue the day. *Exeunt.*

*Jasp.* They are gon, and I am hurt, my loue is lost, *want*  
Never to get againe. Oh me unhappy! *Jasp.*  
Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!  
Thou hast betraid me, Hope where art thou fled?  
Tell me if thou be'st anywhere remaining.  
Shall I but see my loue againe? Oh no!  
She will not daine to looke upon her butcher,  
Nor is it fit she shoulde; yet I must venter.  
Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art  
That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,  
And let me loving live: or loosing die. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Is a gone George?

*Cir.* I conny.

*Wife.* Marry and let him goe ( sweet heart) by the faith a  
my body a has put mee into such a frighe, that I tremble(as  
they say) as twere an Aspines leafe: looke to my little finger  
George, how it shakes: now intrush every member of my bo-  
dy is the worse for.

*Cir.* Come, hugge in mine armes sweet mouse, he shall

## The Knight of the burning Peſle.

not fright thee any more : alas mine owne deare heart, how it quivers.

Enter Mifitroſſe Morris bought, Raph, Michael, Squire, Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapſter.

Wife O Raph, how doſt thou Raph? how haſt thou ſlept to night? haſt he Knight vs'd thee well?

Cit. Peace Nell, let Raph alone.

Tapſter. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Raph. Right courteous Knight, who for the orders fake  
Which thou haſt tane, hang'ſt out the holy Bell,  
As I this flaming Peſle beare about,  
We render thanks to your puissant ſelfe,

Your beauteous Ladie, and your gentle Squires,  
Forthſt refreshing of our wearied limbes,  
Stiffned with hard atchievements in wild Desart.

Tapſter. Sir, there is twelve ſhillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire Tapſtero, thanks to thee,  
Forcomforting our ſoules with double Jug,  
And if adventrous fortune pricke thee forth,  
Thou Joviall Squire, to follow feats of armes,  
Take heed thou tender every Ladies cauſe,  
Every true Knight, and every Damſel faire  
But ſpill the blood of trecherous Sarazens,  
And falſe inchanters, that with magick ſpells,  
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the burning Peſle, give care  
to me, there is twelve ſhillings to pay, and as Pan a true  
Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife George, I prethee tell me, muſt Raph pay twelve ſhillings now?

Cit. No Nell, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry  
with Raph, and he will be as merry as he  
can. Our'thing else? Rafe will be as merry as he.  
Raph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,  
But you require this liberal courtesie,  
If any of your Squires will follow armes,  
He ſhall receive from my Heroiſche hand.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

A Knight-hood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

Host Faire Knight, I thanke you for your noble offer,  
Therefore gentle Knight, twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife Looke George, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight  
of the Bel is in earnest, Rafe shall not be beholding to him,  
give him his mony George, and let him go snick up.

Ci. Cap Rafe? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the Bel, theres  
your mony, have you any thing to say to Rafe now? cap Rafe?

Wife I would you should know it, Rafe has friends that  
will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten  
times to the end of that, now take thy courie Rafe.

M. mer. Come Michael, thou & I wil go home to thy facher,  
he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we' le set fel-  
lowes abroad to cry our Purse & Casket: Shal we Michael?

Mich. I, I pray mother, intruth my feete are full of  
chilblaines with traveling.

Wife Faith and those chilblaines are a foule trouble, Mi-  
stresse Merri-thought when your youth comes home, let him  
rub all the soles of his feet, and his heeles, and his ancles,  
with a mouse skinne, or if none of your people can catch a  
mouse, when hee goes to bed, let him rowle his feet in the  
warme embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you  
may make him put his fingers betweene his toes and smell  
to them, it's very soveraigne for his head, if he be coltive.

Mist. mer. Master knight of the burning Pestle, my sonne  
Michael, and I bid you farewell, I thanke your worship har-  
tily for your kindnessse.

Rafe Fare-well faire Ladie, and your tender Squire,  
If pricking through these Desarts, I doe heare to build it of  
Of any traitorous Knight who through his guile,  
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,  
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

Mist. mer. I thanke your worship. Exit with Michael.

Rafe. Dwarfe beare my shield, Squire elevate my lance,  
And now farewell you Knight of holy Bell.

Ci. I, I Rafe, all is paid, I bid you right as day is light

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Rafe But yet before I go, speake worthy Knight,  
If ought you do of sad adventures know,  
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne  
Eternall fame, and free some gentle soules,  
From endlesse bonds of steel and lingring paine.

Host. Sirrah go to Nick the Barber, and bid him prepare  
himselfe, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone sir. *Exit Tapster.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wildernes affordeth none  
But the great venture, where full many a Knight  
Hath triide his prowesse, and come off with shame,  
And where I would not have you loose your life,  
Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

Raph. Speake on sir Knight, tell what he is, and where  
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,  
Never to blaze a day in quietnesse;  
But bread and water will I onely eate,  
And the greene herb and rock shall be my couch  
Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,  
That workes such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, neere to a craggy cliffe  
At the North end of this distressed Towne,  
There doth stand a lowly houise  
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave,  
In which an ugle Gyant now doth won,  
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand  
He shakes a naked lance of purest steele,  
With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he weares,  
A motly garment to preserve his cloathes  
From blood of those Knights which he massacres,  
And Ladies Gentle, without his dore doth hang  
A copper bason, on a prickant Speare  
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knocke,  
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,  
And rushing forth, brings in the errant Knight,  
And sets him downe in an enchanted chaire:  
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd,

With

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

With forty teeth, he clawes his courtly crowne,  
Next makes him winke, and underneath his chinne,  
He plants a brazen peece of mighty bord,  
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,  
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument  
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill  
The wretches eares with a most hideous noise.  
Thus every Knight adventurer he dothrtrim,  
And now no creature dares encounter him,

*Raph.* In Gods name, I will fight with him, kind sir,  
Go but before me to this dismall Cave,  
Where this huge Gyant *Barbaroso* dwells,  
And by that vertue that brave *Rosicleere*,  
That damned brood of ougly Gyants slew,  
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew :  
I doubt not but to curbe this Traytour toule,  
Aud to the Divell send his guilty soule.

*Hofst.* Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe  
This your request, I'le bring you within sight  
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited  
By a more loathsome man : but dare not stay,  
For his maine force swoopes a'l he sees, away. (Exeunt.

*Raph.* Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and page.  
*Wife, George,* dost thinke *Raph* will confound the Gyant?

*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing he does : why *Nel*, I saw  
him wrastle with the great Dutch-man, and hurle him.

*Wife.* Faith and that Dutch-man was a goodly man , if  
all things were answerable to his bignesse : and yet they say  
there was a Scotish-man higher then he , and that they two  
and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing , but of  
all the sights that ever were in *London*, since I was married,  
me thinkes the little childe that was so faire growne about  
the members, was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaprodite*.

*Cit.* Nay by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivy* was better.

*Wife.* *Ninivy*, O that was the story of *Ione* and the wall,  
was it not *George* ?

*Cit.* Yes lam. Enter mistresse *Merry-thought*.  
*Wife.*

## The Knight of the burning Peale.

Wife. Looke George, here comes Mistresse Merri-thought againe, and I would have Raph come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good mistresse Merri-thought be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbeare a little, you shal have audience presently, I have a little businesse.

Wife. Mistresse Merri-thought, if it please you to refraine your passio a little, till Raph have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shal think our selves much bound to you, I thank you good Mistresse Merri-thought. *Exit mist. Merry-th.*

*Enter a Boy.*

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away Raph and this whoreson Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'le utterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hilt, and it cost money, you will not suffer us to go on with our plos, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'le trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand George, do, and I'le kisse him, I warrant thee the youth meanes plainly.

Boy. I'le send him to you presently.

*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thanke you little youth, feth the childe hath a sweet breath George, but I thinke it be troubled with the wormes, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't, O Raph's heere George, God send thee good lucke Raph.

*Enter Raph, Host, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,  
Lo where the speare and Copper Balon are,  
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,  
Drawne from the gentle jaw of wandring Knights,  
I dare not stay to sound, he will appeare. *Exit Host.*

Raph. O faint not heart, Susan my Lady deare,  
The Coblers Maid in Milke-streete, for whose sake,  
I take these Armes, O let the thought of thee,  
Carrie thy Knight through all the adventerous deeds,

And

## The Knight of the burning Peſta.

And in the honour of thy beauteous ſelfe,  
May I destroy this monster Barbaroſo,  
Knocke Squire upon the Bafon till it breake — Enter  
With the shrill strokes, or till the Gyant ſpeake. Barba.

Wi. O George, the Giant, the Giant, now Raph for thy life.

Barbar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares  
So rudely knock at Barbaroſo's Cell,

Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind ?

Raph. I, traiterous Caitiffe, who am ſent by fate  
To puniſh all the ſad enormities  
Thou haſt committed againſt Ladies gentle,  
And errant Knights, traytor to God and men :  
Prepare thy ſelfe, this is the diſmall houre  
Appointed for thee, to give ſtrickt account  
Of all thy beaſtly treacherous villanies.

Barba. Foole-hardy Knight, full ſoone thou ſhalt aby  
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, He takes downe  
And loe upon that ſtring thy teeth ſhall hang : his pole.  
Prepare thy ſelfe, for dead ſoone thou be.

Raph. Saint George for me.

They fight.

Barba. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him Raph, to him, hold up the Giant, ſet out thy  
leg before Raph.

Cit. Falsifie a blow Raph, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies  
open on the left ſide.

Wife. Beare't off, beare't offſtill ; there boy, O Raph's al-  
most downe, Raph's almost downe.

Raph. Susan, inspire me, now have up againe.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, fo Raph, downe with him, downe  
with him Raph.

Cit. Fetch him o're the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Raph.

Cit. No Raph, get all out of him firſt.

Raph. Presumptuous man, ſee to what desperate end  
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,  
Who never proſper thoſe that do diſpife them,  
For all the villanies which thou haſt done

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home  
By my stiffe arme, a Knight adventurous.  
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soule  
To sad Avernus, whither it must go,  
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave.

Barba. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

Raph. Go Squire and Dwarfe, search in this dreadfull cave,  
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

Exit Squire and Dwarfe.

Barb. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,  
And scornst to spill the blood of those that beg.

Raph. Thou shewd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,  
Prepare thy selfe, for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Squire leding one winking, with a baso under his chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,  
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

VVife. This is the wise word I heard the Squire speake.

Raph. Speake what thou art, and how thou hast bin us'd,  
That I may give him condigne punishment.

I Kni. I am a Knight that tooke my journey post  
North-ward from London, and in courteous wise,  
This Giant train'd me to his den,  
Under pretence of killing of the itch,  
And all my body with a powder strew'd,  
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,  
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands ti'de,  
And with a water washt my tender eyes,  
Whilst up and downe about me still he skip't,  
Whose vertue is, that till mine eyes be wip't  
With a dry cloath, for this my fouled disgrace,  
I shall not dare to looke a dog i'th' face.

VVife. Alas poore Knight, relieve him Raph, relieve poore  
Kni. hts whilst you live.

Raph. My trusty Squire convey him to the Towne,  
Where he may find relieve, adieu faire Knight. Ex. Knight.

Enter Dwarfe leading one with a patch o're his Nose.

Dwar. Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

See heere another wretch, whom this foule beast  
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

Raph. Speake me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,  
And what hath bin thy usage in this Cave.

2. Knigh. I am a Knight, Sir Pock-hole is my name,  
And by my birth I am a Londoner,  
Free by my copy, but my Ancestors  
Were French-men all, and riding hard this way,  
Upon a trotting horse my bones did ake,  
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,  
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,  
With sharpest instrument of purest steele,  
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,  
And in the place this velvet plaister stands,  
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good Raph relieve sir Pock-hole and send him a-way, for in truth his breath stinkes.

Raph. Convey him streight after the other Knight:  
Sir Pock-hole fare you well.

3. Kni. Kinde sir good-night.

Exit

Cryes within.

Man. Deliver us.

Woman. Deliver us.

Wife. Harke George, what a wofull cry there is, I thinke  
some woman lies in there. Man. Deliver us.

Woman Deliver us.

Raph. What gastly noise is this? speake Barbaroso  
Or by this blasing steele thy head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keepe,  
Send lower downe into the Cave,  
And in a tub that's heated smoaking hot,  
There may they finde them and deliver them.

Raph. Run Squire and Dwarfe, deliver them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarfe.

Wife. But will not Raph kill this Giant, surely I am afraide  
if he let him goe he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Cittizen. Not so mouse neither, if hee could convert  
him.

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

Wife. I George if he could convert him , but a Giant is  
not so soone converted as one of us ordinary people: there's  
a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the divels marke about her,  
God blesse us , that had a Giant to her sonne, that was call'd  
*Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never heare it George?

Enter Squire leading a man with a glasse of Lotion in his  
hand, and the Dwarfe leading a woman, with diet-  
bread and drinke.

Cit. Peace Nel, here comes the Prisoners.

Dwar. Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight,  
That for this sixe weekes have not seene a wight

Raph. Deliver what you are, and how you came  
To this sad Cave, and what your usage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight, that followed Armes,  
With speare and Shield, and in my tender yeares  
I stricken was with Cupids fiery shaft,  
And fell in love with this my Lady deare,  
And stole her from her friends in turne-ball street,  
And bore her up and downe from Towne to Towne,  
Where we did eat and drinke, and Musicke heare,  
Till at the length, at this unhappy Towne  
We did arive, and comming to this Cave  
This beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,  
Where wee this two months sweat , and shor' have done  
Another month if you had not reliev'd us.

Wom. This bread and water hath our diet beeene,  
Together with a rib cut from a necke  
Of burned Mutton, hard hath beeene our fare,  
Release us from this ugly Giants snare.

Man. This hath beeene all the food we have receiv'd,  
But onely twice a day for novelty,  
He gave a spunfull of his harty broth, *Puls out a siringe*.  
To each of us through this tame slender quill.

Raph. From this infernall monster you shall goe  
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so:  
Convey them hence.

*Exeunt man and woman.*

Cit.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the gentlemen like Raph.

Wife I George, I see it well inough. Gentlemen I thank you all hartily for gracing my man Raph, and I promise you you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy great Knight, I do recant my ill, And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I give thee mercy, but yet shalt thou sweare Upon my burning Pestle, to performe Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I sweare, and kisse.

Raph. Depart then, and amend.

Come Squire and Dwarfe, the Sunne growes towards his set. and we have many more adventures yet.

*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now Raph is in thishumour, I know he would ha beaten all the boyes in the house, if they had beene set on him.

Wife I George, but it is well as it is, I warrant you the Gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but looke George, heere comes mistresse Merri-thought, and her sonne Michael; now you are welcome mistresse Merri-thought, now Rafe has done you may goe on.

Enter Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael.

Mist Mer. Micke my boy?

Mich. I forsooth mother.

Mist mer. Be merry Micke, we are at home now; where I warrant you, you shall finde the house flung out of the windowes: Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world I'faith with my husband; if I get in among 'em, I le play'em such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither againe. Why master Merri-thought, husband, Charles Merri-thought.

Old mer. within. If you will sing and dance, and laugh, and hollow, and laugh againe, and then cry there boyes there: why then,

One, two, three, and four,

We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Merri. Why Charles, - doe you not know your

*owne*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

owne naturall wife? I say open the doore, and turne me out  
those mangy cōpanions; 'tis more then time that they were  
fellow and fellow like with you: you are a gentleman  
*Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I,  
my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side, Necce to a  
worshipfull Gent'eman, and a conductor, hee has beeene  
three times in his Majesties Service at *Chester*, and is now  
the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge upon his  
journey.

Old Mer. Go from my window, love goe:  
Go from my window my deere,  
The winde and the raine will drive you back againe,  
You cannot be lodged heere.

Harke you Mistresse *Merrithought*, you that walke upon ad-  
ventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with  
never a penny in his purse; what shall I thinke my selfe the  
worse? Faith no, I le be merry.

You come not heere, heere's none but lads of mettle, lives  
of a hundred yeares, and upwards, care never drunke their  
bloods, nor want made 'em warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist Mer. Why M. *Merrithought*, what am I that you  
should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fel-  
low-feleer (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comfor-  
ter in health and sicknesse? have I not brought you Chil-  
dren? are they not like you *Charles*? looke upon thine owne  
Image, hard-harted man; and yet for all this—

Old mer. withi. Begon, begon, my juggy, my puggy, be-  
gon my love my deare.

The weather is warme, 'twill do the no harme, thou canst  
not be lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musicke, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if hee bee *George*, I le make bold to tell him  
he's an ingrant old man, to use his bedfellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her hunny?

Wife

## *The Knight of the burning Peple.*

*Wife.* Marie come up sir sauce-box, I thinke you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are youg rowne: you are a fine man an you had a fine dogge, it becomes you sweetly.

*Cit.* Nay prethee Nell chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I doe not like his doings.

*Wife.* I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Mr. *Merri-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

*Old mer. within.* Strike up lively lads.

*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, Mr. *Merri-thought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore knowne by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weaknesse of his wife: for your wife is your owne flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose helpe you draw through the mire of this transitory world: Nay, she's your owne ribbe. And againe---

*Old mer.* I come not hither for thee to teach,  
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,  
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech,  
As thou art a Lady gay.

*Wife.* Marie with a vengeance.  
I am heartily sorry for the poore gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i' faith gray-beard, i' faith----

*Cit.* I prethee sweet hunny-suckle, be content.

*Wife.* Give me such words that am a gentlewoman borne, hang him hoary rascall. Get me some drinke *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his knaves heart for it.

*Old mer.* Play me a light *Lavalto*: come, be frolick, fill the good fellowes wine.

*Mist. mer.* Why Mr. *Merry-thought*, are you disposed to make me waite here: you'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open else.

*Old mer.* Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something, if not---

*Song.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

\* Song.

You are no love for me Margret, I am no love for you.  
Come aloft Boyes, aloft.

Mist. mer. Now a Churles fart in your teeth sir : Come Micke, wee'l not trouble him, a shall not ding us i'th teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shal not : come boy, I'le provide for thee, I warrant thee : wee'l gos to master Venterwels the Marchant, I'le get his letter to mine Host of the Bell in Waltham, there I'le place thee with the Tapster; will not that do well for thee Micke ? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly knave your father, I'le use him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

Wife. Come George, where's the beere ?

Cit. Here love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet ; Gentlemen, I'le begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere George.

Finis Actus tertij. Musick.

## Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Boy danceth.

Wife. Looke George, the little boy's come againe, mee thinkes he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if hee had a little harness about his necke. George, I will have him dance Fading ; Fading is a fine Jig I'le assure you Gentlemen : begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turne a th'toe, and then tumble : cannot you tumble youth ?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eate fire ? Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why then I thanke you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter Jasper and boy.

Jasp. There boy, deliver this : but do it well. Hast thou provided me fourre lusty fellowes ?

## The Knight of the burning Pestle

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect  
In all thy businesse? *Boy.* Sir, you need not feare,  
I have my lesson here, and cannot misse it:  
The men are ready for you, and what else  
Pertaines to this imployment. *Iasp.* There my boy,  
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare  
To see so young a purchaser: I flye,  
And on my wings carry your destinie. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope  
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,  
And let it hold: stand fixt thou rolling stone,  
Till I enjoy my dearest: heare me all  
You powers that rule in men coelestiall. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Goe thy waies, thou art as crooked a sprigge as ever  
grew in *London*; I warrant him hee'l come to some naugh-  
ty end or other: for his lookes say no less: Besides, his fa-  
ther (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him  
take me up like a flitt Gill, and sing baudy songs upon me:  
but i'faith if I live *George*--

*Cit.* Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a tricke in my head  
shall lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him  
sing *Peccavi*, ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know  
who hurt him neither.

*Wife.* Do my good *George*, do.

*Cit.* What shall we have *Raph* do now boy?

*Boy.* You shall have what you will sir.

*Cit.* Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the So-  
phy of *Persia* come and christen him a Childe.

*Boy.* Beleeve me sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it  
has beene had before at the red Bull.

*Wife.* *George*, let *Raph* travel over great hills, & let him be  
very weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s house, cove-  
red with velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her  
window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with  
a combe of Ivory, and let her spy *Raph*, and fall in love with  
him, and come downe to him, and carry him into her fathers  
house, and then let *Raph* talke with her,

## The Knight of the burning Pettle.

Cit. Wel said Nell, it shal be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talkē together: but wee cannot present a house covered with blacke velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a Grocers prentice to court a Kings daughter.

Cit. Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a Grocer in London? read the play of the *Four Prentises of London*, where they tossē their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault gentlemen. Exit.

Wife. Now we shal see fine doings I warrant thee George. O here they come; how pretily the king of Cracovia's daughter is drest. Enter Raph and the Lady, Squire & Dwarfe.

Cit. I Nel, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court. King of Moldavia, unto me Pompiona His daughter deare: but sure you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us No longer but a night. Raph. Damfell right faire, I am on many sad adventures bound, That call me forth into the wildernesse: Besides, my horsesbacke is something gal'd, Which will inforce me ride a sober pace. But many thanks ( faire Lady ) be to you, For using errant Knight with curtesie.

Lady. But say ( brave Knight ) what is your name & birth?

Raph. My name is Raph, I am an English man, As true as steele, a hearty Englishman, And prentice to a Grocer in the Strand, By deed Indent, of which I have one part: But fortune calling me to follow Armes, On me this holy order I did take, Of Burning Pettle, which in all mens eyes,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

I beare, confounding Ladies enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave country-men,  
And fertill soile, and store of holesome food,  
My father oft will tell me of a drinke  
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd,  
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Raph. Lady, tis true, you need not lay your lips  
To bitter *Nipitato* then there is.

Lady. And of a wild-fowle he will often speake,  
Which poudred beefe and mustard called is:  
For there have beeне great warres twixt us and you,  
But truely Raph it was not long of me.  
Tell me then Raph could you contented be,  
Toweare a Ladies favour in your shield?

Raph. I am a Knight of Religious order,  
And will not weare a favour of a Ladies  
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said Raph, converther if thou canst.

Raph. Besides, I have a Lady of my owne  
In merry England; for whose vertuous sake  
I tooke these Armes, and *Susan* is her name,  
A Coblers maid in Milke-streete, whom I vow  
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestell last.

Lady Happy that Cobling dame, who ere shae be  
That for her owne (deare Raph) hath gotten thee.  
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day  
To see thee moie, that bear'st my heart away.

Raph. Lady fare-well, I needs must take my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted Raph, that Ladies dost deceive.

Cit. Harke thee Raph there's money for thee ; give  
something in the King of Cracovia's house, be not beholding  
to him.

Raph. Lady before I goe, I must remember  
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,  
Have beeне about me very diligent,  
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,  
There's twelvepence for your fathers Chamberlaine.

## The Knight of the burning Petle.

And another shilling for his Cooke,  
For by my troth the Goole was rosted well.  
And twelve pence for your fathrs horse-keeper,  
For nointing my horse back, and for his butter  
There is another shilling to the maid  
That washt my boot-hose, there's an English groat,  
And twopence to the boy that wip't my boots:  
And last, faire Lady, there is for your selfe  
Three pence to buy you pinnes at Bumbo faire.

*Lady.* Full many thanks, and I will keepe them safe  
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Raph.*

*Raph.* Advance my Squire and Dwarfe, I cannot stay.

*Lady.* Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* I commend *Rafe* yet that hee will not stoope to a  
*Cracovian*, there's properer women in *London* then any are  
there I-wis, But heere comes Master *Humphery* and his love  
againe now *George*.

*Cit.* I cunny, peace.

*Enter Merchant, Humphery, Luce and Boy.*

*Marc.* Goe get you up, I will not be intreated.  
And gossip mine I'le keep you safe hereafter  
From gadding out againe, with boies and unthrifte,  
Come they are womens teares, I know your fashion.  
Go sirrah, locke her in, and keepe the key. *Exit Luce.*  
Safe as you loue your life. Now my son *Humphery*, (& *Boy*).  
You may both rest assured of my loue  
In this, and reap your owne desire.

*Hum.* I see this love you speake of, through your daughter.  
Although the hole be little, and hereafter  
Will yeeld the like in all I may, or can,  
Fitting a Christian, and a gentleman.

*Marc.* I do beleeve you (my good tonne) and thank you:  
Fer'twere an impudenceto think you flattered.

*Hum.* It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,  
I have beene beaten twice about the lie.

*Mar.* Wellson, no more of complement, my daughter  
Is yours againe, appoint the time, and take her,

*Wee'le*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

We'le have no stealing for it, I my selfe  
And some few of our friends will see you married.

*Hum.* I would you would i' faith, for be it knowyne  
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

*Mar.* Some three daies hence then.

*Hum.* Three daies, let me see,  
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,  
Because I meane against the pointed day,  
To visite all my friends in new array *Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake  
with your worship. *Mar.* What is she?

*Ser.* Sir I askt her not.

*Mar.* Bid her come in. *Enter Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael.*

*Mist.mer.* Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore  
Suitor to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.

*Mar.* Are you not wife to *Merri-thought*?

*Mist.mer.* Yes truly, would I had nere seene his eies, ha has  
undoine me and himselfe, and his children, & there he lives at  
home & sings, & hoits, and revels among his drunken com-  
panions, but I warrant you, where to get a penie to put bread  
in his mouth, he knowes not: And therefore if it like your  
Worship, I should intreat your letter, to the honest Host  
of the *Bell in Waltham*, that I may place my childe under  
the protection of his *Tapster*, in some settled course of life.

*Mar.* I'me glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy  
When I was ripe in sorrowes taught at me, (husband  
Thy sonne like an unthankfull wretch, I having  
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,  
To shew his love againe, first stole my daughter,  
Then wrongd this Gentleman, and last of all,  
Gave methat grieve, had almost brought me downe  
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand  
Releiv'd my sorrowes, go, and weep as I did,  
And be unpittied, for I heare professe  
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

*Mist.mer.* Will you so sir, how say you by that? come

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Micke, let him keep his wind to coole his Porrage, we'e le  
goe to thy Nurces Micke, she knits silke stockings boy, &  
we'e knt too boy, and bee beholding to none of them  
all.

Exeunt Michael and mother.

Enter a boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.

Mar. How then boy?

Boy. Then to your selfe sir comes this letter.

Mat. From whom my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more  
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,  
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,  
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd  
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither,  
Read it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

Letter.

Marc. Sir, that I have wronged your love, I must confess, in  
which I have purchast to my self, besides mine own undoing, the  
ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good sir, outlive  
me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgivenes; let my  
body (if a dying man may so much prevale with you) bee  
brought to your daughter, that shee may truely know my hot  
flames are now buried, & withall receive a testimony of the  
zeale I bore her vertue: farewell for ever, and be ever happy.

Jasper.

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,  
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope  
He will not bite againe: boy bring the body,  
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. Tis here without sir. Mar. So sir, if you please  
You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

Hum. I'le be your Usher boy, for though I say it,  
He ow'd me something once, and well did paie it. Exeunt.

Enter Luce alone

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted  
Upon the miserable, more then yet I feele,  
Let it together ceaze me, and at once

Preſſe

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

Presse downe my soule, I cannot beare the paine  
Of these delaying tortures : thou that art  
The end or all, and the sweet rest of all ;  
Come, come oh Death, bring me to thy peace,  
And blot out all the memory I nourish  
Both of my father and my cruell friend.  
O wretched maide still living to be wretched,  
To be a say to fortune in her changes,  
And grow to number times and woes together,  
How happy had I beene, if being borne  
My grave had beene my cradle ?

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* By your leave

Yong mistresse, here's a boy hath brought a coffin,  
What a would say I know not, but your father  
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

*Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it.*

*Luce.* For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

*Boy.* Faire Mistresse, let me not adde greater grieve  
To that great store you have already ; *Jasper*  
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,  
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring  
His body hither, and to crave a teare  
From those faire eyes, though he deserv'd not pity,  
To decke his funerall, for so he bid me

Tell her for whom he di'de. *Luce.* He shall have many :

Good friends depart a little, whilst I take *Exeunt Coffin*

My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd : *carrier & boy.*

Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee

To thy first heavenly being ; O my friend !

Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me ?

I shall not long be after, but beleeve me,

Thou wert too cruell *Jasper* 'gainst thy selfe,

In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,

With so untimely death ; thou didst not wrong me,

But ever we're most kinde, most true, most loving ;

And I the most unkind, most false, most cruell.

Didst thou but aske a teare ? I'le give thee all,

*Even*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Even all my eyes can powre downe, all my sight wob<sup>g</sup> shal  
And all my selfe, before thou goest from me val<sup>b</sup> al<sup>d</sup> shal<sup>h</sup> O  
There are but sparing rites: But if thy soule s<sup>a</sup> ill<sup>c</sup> to b<sup>e</sup> s<sup>f</sup> l<sup>g</sup> T  
Be yet about this place, and can behold C<sup>b</sup> o<sup>c</sup> m<sup>e</sup> s<sup>g</sup> o<sup>h</sup> e<sup>i</sup> d<sup>j</sup> b<sup>k</sup> A  
And see what I prepare to decke thee with, i<sup>a</sup> t<sup>b</sup> a<sup>c</sup> u<sup>d</sup> o<sup>e</sup> i<sup>f</sup> b<sup>g</sup> A  
It shall goe up, borne on the wings of peace, i<sup>a</sup> t<sup>b</sup> a<sup>c</sup> u<sup>d</sup> o<sup>e</sup> i<sup>f</sup> b<sup>g</sup> O  
And satisfied: first will I sing thy dirge, i<sup>a</sup> t<sup>b</sup> a<sup>c</sup> u<sup>d</sup> o<sup>e</sup> i<sup>f</sup> b<sup>g</sup> O  
Then kissthy pale lips, and then die my selfe, o<sup>a</sup> v<sup>b</sup> s<sup>c</sup> a<sup>d</sup> o<sup>e</sup> T  
And fill one Coffin and one grave together.

### Song.

Come you whose loves are dead,  
And whiles I sing  
Weepe and wring  
Every hand and every head,  
Bind with Cipres and sad Ewe,  
Ribands blacke, and candles blew,  
For him that was of men most true.

### Come with heavy mourning,

And on his grave  
Let him have  
Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,  
Let him have faire flowers enow,  
White and purple, greene and yellow,  
For him that was of men most true.

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joyes,  
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

Iasp. And thus you meeete the living. Luce. Save me heaven.

Iasp. Nay do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,  
Looke better on me, do you know me yet?

Luce. O thoudeare shadow of my friend.

Iasp. Deare substance,

I sweare I am no shadow, feele my hand,  
It is the same it was, I am your Jasper,  
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving,  
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proofe

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

I put in practice of your constancy :  
For sooner should my sword have drunke my blood,  
And set my soule at liberty, then drawne  
The leait drop from that body ; for which boldnesse  
Doome me to any thing ; if death, I take it  
And willingly.    *Luce.* This death I'le give you for it,  
So, now I am satisfied : you are no spirit,  
But my owne truest, truest, truest friend,  
Why doe you come thus to me ?

*Iasp.* First, to see you,  
Then to convey you hence.

*Luce.* It cannot be,  
For I am lock't up here, and watcht at all houres,  
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

*Iasp.* Nothing more possible, within this coffin  
Do you convey your selfe, let me alone,  
I have the wits of twenty men about me,  
Onely I crave the shelter of your Closet  
A little, and then feare me not ; creepe in  
That they may presently convey you hence :  
Feare nothing dearest love, I'le be your second,  
Lie close, so, all goes well yet ; Boy.

*Boy.* At hand sir.

*Iasp.* Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

*Boy.* 'Tis done already.

*Iasp.* Now must I go conjure.    *Exit.*

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merch.* Boy, boy.

*Boy.* Your servant sir.

*Merch.* Do me this kindnesse boy, hold here's a crowne :  
Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carrie it to his  
old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing,  
he hath cause.

*Boy.* I will sir.

*Merch.* And then bring mee word what tyme hee is in,  
and have another crowne : but do it truly.

*I* *Boy.* I have fittid him a bargaine, now, will vexe him.

The Knight of the burning Pestle

Boy. God blesse your Worships health sir.

March. Fare-well boy.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old Merry-thought, art thou there againe, let's  
heare some of thy songs.

Old Mer. Who can sing a merrier noate,  
Then he that cannot change a groat?

Not a Denier left, and yet my heart leapes, I do wonder  
yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or  
serve, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streetes, my  
wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I have no-  
thing left, nor know I how to come by meate to supper, yet  
am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it upon the Table  
at sixe a clocke, therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman to carrie the cloke-bag still,  
Nor would I be a Fawloner the greedie Hawkes to fill.  
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master too.  
But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soule together, mirth, this  
is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that  
keepes a man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and  
they will trust you for no more drinke.

Old. mer. Will they not? let 'em choose, the best is, I have  
mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them  
keepe their drinke to themselves.

For Fillian of Berry she dwells on a Hill,  
And she hath good Beere and Ale to sell.  
And of good fellows she thinkes no ill,  
And thither will wee goe now, now, now, and thither  
Will we go now.  
And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not aske what is to pay,  
But kisse your Hostesse and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another boy.

2. Boy. Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old mer.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Old mer. Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feele hunger, I'le warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no body at home, meate, nor drinke, nor money ha we none,  
fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.

Old mer. So boies enough, follow me, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

*Exeunt.*

Wife. Let him go George, a shall not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

Cittiz. No more a shannot love; but Nel I will have Raph doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all Grocers, sirrah you there boy, can none of you heare?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Cit. Let Raph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his scarfes about him, and his fethers, and his rings, and his knacks.

Boy. Why sir, you not thinke of our plot, what will become of that then?

Cit. Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'le have him come out, or I'le fetch him out my selfe, I'le have something done in honor of the City: besides, he hath bene long enongh upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, or if I come amongst you--

Boy. Well sir he shall come out, but if our play miscarry, sir you are like to pay for't.

*Exit boy.*

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i' faith, George shall not he dance the morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

Cit. No sweete-heart it will be too much for the boy, O therē he is Nel, hee's reasonable well in reparell, but hee has not rings enough.

*Enter Raph.*

Raph. London, to thee I do present the merry Month of May,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Let each true Subject be content to heare me what I say:  
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appeare,  
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.  
My name is Raph, by due discent, though not ignoble I,  
Yet far inferior to the flocke of gratiouse Grocery.  
And by the Common-councell of my fellowes in the Strand,  
With guilded Staffe, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.  
Rejoyce ô English hearts, rejoice, rejoice ô lovers deare,  
Rejoyce ô Citty, Towne, and Country, rejoice eke every Shire;  
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemely sort,  
The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambes do make fine sport.  
And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the Schoole boy cry,  
The Morice rings while Hobby-horse doth foote it feateously:  
The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,  
Do kisse sometimes upon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.  
Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to purge the blood,  
Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.  
Now little fish on tender stome, begin to cast their bellies,  
And sluggish snailes, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shelles.  
The rumbling Rivers now do warme for little boies to pedle,  
The sturdy Steed, now goes to Grasse, and up they hang his saddle.  
The heavy Heart, the blowing Bucke, the Rascall and the Pricket,  
Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearefull thicket.  
And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,  
And lift aloft yrur velvet heads, and slipping of your gownes:  
With bels on legs, and napkins cleane unto your shoulders tis de,  
With Scarfes and Garters as you please, & Hey for our towne cri'd:  
March out and shew your willing mindes, by twenty, and by twenty,  
To Hogsdon, or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty.  
And let itnere be said for shame, that we the youths of London,  
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custome undone.  
Up then I say, both yong and old, both man and maid a Maying  
With Drums and Gans that bounce alowd, and merry Taber playing:  
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country peace,  
And root out Treason from the Land, and so my friends I cease.

Finis Act 4

Actus.

# The Knight of the burning Peple

## Actus 5. Scœna prima.

Enter Merchant, solus.

Mar. I will have no great store of company at the weding, a cupple of neighbours and their wives, and wee will have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good peece of beefe, stuck with rose-mary.

Enter Jasper, his face mealed.

Jasp. Forbeare thy paines fond man, it is too late.

March. Heaven blesse me: Jasper?

Jasp. I, I am his Ghost  
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love:  
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand  
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.  
First know thy daughter is quite borne away,  
On wings on Angels, through the liquid air  
Too farre out of thy reach, and never more  
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I  
Will in another world enjoy our loves,  
Where neither fathers anger, poverty,  
Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men  
Shall make us sever our united hearts,  
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone  
In any place, but I will visit thee

With gasty lookes, and put into thy minde  
The great offences which thou didst to me.  
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart, and fild with swelling wine,  
I'le come in midt of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thy selfe,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,  
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as Death it selfe.

March. Forgiue me Jasper; Oh! what might I doo?

Tell

The Knight of the burning Peste.

Tell me to satisfie thy troubled Ghost?

Iasp. There is no meanes, too late thou thinkeſt on this.

Mar. But tell me what were best for me to doe?

Iasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,  
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy dores. *Exit Iasp.*

*Howe doth hee怨* Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Looke George, his very Ghost would have folkes  
beaten.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, faire Mistresse Luce,  
My soule's the fount of vengeance, mischieves sluce.

Mar. Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion.  
Thou hast undone me.

Hum. Hold my father deare,  
For Luce thy daughters sake, that had no peere.

Mar. Thy father foole? there's some blowes more, begon.

Iasper, I hope the Ghost be well appeased,  
To see thy will perform'd, now I'le goe  
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

Hum. What shall I do? I have beene beaten twice.  
And Mistresse Luce is gone? helpe me devices:  
Since my true-love is gone, I nevermore,  
Whilst I do live upon the skie will pore;  
But in the darke will weare out my shooe-soles  
In passion, in Saint Faiths Church under Paules. *Exit.*

Wife. George call Rafe hither, if you love me cal Raph hi-  
ther, I have the bravest thing for him to do George; prethee  
call him quickly.

Cit. Rafe, why Rafe boy. *Enter Raph.*  
Raph. Heere sir.

Cit. Come hither Raph, come to thy Mistresse boy.

Wife. Raph I would have thee call all the youths together  
in battle-ray, with drums and guns, and flags, and march to  
Mile-end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers  
to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from bur-  
ning Raph, and then skirmish, and let your flags flie, and  
cry kil, kil, kil: my husband shall lehd you his Jerkin Raph,  
and there's a Scarfe; for the rest, the house shall furnish you,

and

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

and wee' i pay for't : doe it bravely Raph, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

Raph. I warrant you mistresse if I do it not for the honour of the Citie, and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedome.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i' faith ; goe thy waies, thou art a sparke indeed.

Cit. Raph, Raph, double your files bravely Raph.

Raph. I warrant you sir, Exit Raph.

Cit. Let him looke narrowly to his service , I shall take him else, I was there my selfe a pike-man once in the hottest of the day, wench ; had my feather shot sheere away , the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder , my pate broken with a scowring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am here.

Drum within.

Wife. Harke George the drums.

Cit. Ran, tan,tan,tan ; ran tan : O wench an thou liadst but seene little Ned of Algat , drum Ned, how he made it roare againe, and laid on like a tyrant : and then stroke softly till the ward came up, and then thundred againe , and together we go : fa,fa,fa, bounce quoth the guns : courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines : Saint George, quoth the pike-men ; and withall here they lay, and there they lay : And yet for all this I am here wench.

Wife. Be thankfull for it George, for indeed 'tis wonderfull,

Enter Raph and his company with Drums and colours.

Raph. March faire my hearts, Lieutenant beate the reare up; Ancient let your colours flie ; but have a great care of the Butchers hookes at white-Chappell , they have beeene the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition : Sergeant, call a muster.

Serg. A stand, William Hamerton, Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captaine.

Raph. A Corllet and a spanish pike ; 'tis well , can you shake it with a terroure ?

*Ham.*

*The Knight of the burning Peale.*

*Ham.* I hope so Captaine.

*Raph.* Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hamerton*, more strength: as you were againe. Proceed Sergeant.

*Serg. George Greene-goose*, Poulterer.

*Greene.* Here.

*Raph.* Let mee see your peece neighbour *Greene-goose*, when was she shot in?

*Greene.* And like you master Captaine, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity,

*Raph.* It shold see me to certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a maine fault in the touch-hole, it runnes, and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it: Ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the Army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oyle, and paper, and your peece may doe well enough yet. Where's your powder?

*Greene.* Here.

*Raph.* What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman, it craves a Martiall Court: you ought to die for't. Where's your horne? answere me to that.

*Greene.* An't like you sir, I was oblivious.

*Raph.* It likes me not it shold be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandall to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horne behinde you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th nose of your flaske?

*1. Souldier.* Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with powder.

*Raph.* Put on a new one at the Cities charge. Where's the stone of thispeece?

*2. Souldier.* The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobacco.

*Raph.* 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a Nose, and you a Stone, Sergeant, take a note on't, for I meant to stop it in the pay. Remoove and march, soft and faire

## The Knight of the burning Peſtle.

faire Gentlemen, soft and faire : double your ſiles, as you were, faces about. Now you with the ſoden face, keepe in there : looke to your match ſirrah, it will be in your fellows flanke anone. So, make a crescent now, advance your pikes, stand and give eare. Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my fellow ſouldiers, I haue brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content; to meaſure out in cheſe furious fields, Honour by the ell ; and pro-ƿeffe by the pound : Let it not, O let it not, I ſay, be told hereafter, the noble iſſue of this City fainted : but beare your ſelves in thiſ faire action, like men, valiant men, and free-men : Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noife of the guns: for beleeve me brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewers Carre is farre more terrible, of which you haue a daily expeſience : Neither let the ſinke of powder offend you, ſince a more valiant ſinke iſtightly with you. To a reſolued minde, his home is every where : I ſpeake not thiſ to take away the hope of your returne; for you ſhall ſee (I do not doubt it) and that very ſhortly, your loving wifes againe, and your ſweet children, whole care doth beare you compaie in baskets. Reſiuer then whiſe cauſe you haue in hand, and like a ſort of true-borne Seavengers, ſcoure me thiſ famous Realme of enemies. I haue no more to ſay but thiſ: Stand to your tacklings lads, and ſhew to the world you can as well brandiſh a ſword, as ſtrake an apron. Saint George and on my hearts. Omnes. St. George, St. George. Exeunt.

Wife. Twas well done Raph, I'le fend thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of Mareli-beere; and it may be, come my ſelfe to ſee thee.

Cit. Nel, the boy haſt deceipted me much, I did not thinke it had beene in him : he haſt performed ſuch a matter wenche, that if I live, next yeare I'le haue him Captaine of the Galli-foiſt, or I'le want my will.

Enter Old merri-thought.

Old mer. Yet I thanke God, I break not a rinkle more then I had, nor a ſtoope boyes? Care live with Cats, I defie thee, my heart is as ſound as an Oke ; and though I want drinke

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

to wet my ybissele, I can sing iust bas not  
Come no more there boyes, come no more there;  
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there,

Enter a boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you sir.

Old mer. It's a brave boy; canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilste love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old mer. O the Mimon round, full long I have thee sought.

And now I have thee found, & what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin sir, and your dead sonne Jasper in it.

Old mer. Dead? why fare-well he:  
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did loye thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you sir do so still.

Old mer. Jaspers ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soone,

Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth sir, I nere came there, tis too hot for me sir,

Old mer. A merry ghost, a very merrie ghost.  
And where is your true-love? O where is yours?

Jasp. Marie looke you sir. Heaves up the Coffin.

Old mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that i' faith?  
With hey trixie terlery-whiskia, the worldit funnes on wheeles,  
When the young mans---up goes the maidens heeles.

Mistresse Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist mer. What Mr. Merri-thought, will you not let's in?  
what do you think shall become of us?

Old mer. What voice is that that calleth at our doore?

Mist me. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not  
beene

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

beene such a strangeto you.

Old.mer. And some they whistled, & some they sung, *Hey downe, downe* : and some did lowdly say, *ever as the Lord Barnets horne blew, away Musgrave, away.*

Mist.mer. You will not have us starve here, will you Mr. Merri-thought ?

Jasp. Nay good sirbe perwaded, she is my mother? if her offences have beene great against you, let your owne love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master Merri-thoughr, let me increate you, I will not be denied.

Mist.mer. Why Mr. merri-thought, wil you be a vext thing

Old mer. Woman I take you to my love againe, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mist.mer. Well, you must haue your will when al's done.

Micke what song canst thou sing boy?

Mich. I can sing none forlooth, but a Ladies daughter of Paris properly.

Mist. Mer. Song. It was a Ladies daughter, &c.

Old mer. Come you're welcome home againe. If such danger be in playing, and jest mult to earnest turpe, You shall go no more a maying.

March.within. Are you within sir, Master Merri-thought?

Jasp. It is my masters voice, good sir goe hold him in talk whilst we convey our selves into some inwardroome.

Old mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Mar. I am sir.

Old mer. Sing then.

Mar. Nay good sir open to me.

Old mer. Sing, I say, or by the merrie heart you come not in:

March. Well sir, I le sing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old mer. You are welcome sir, you are welcome, you see your entertainment, pray you be merrie.

Mar. O Master Merri-thought, I am come to aske you

## The Knight of the burning Peale

Forgivnesse for the wrongs I offred you,  
And your most vertuous forme ther're infinite.  
Yes my contrition shall be more then they :  
I do confess my hardnesse broke his heart,  
For which just heaven hath given me punishment.  
More then my age can carry, his wandring spirit  
Not yet at rest pursues me evry where,  
Crying, I le vant thee for thy cruelty.  
My daughter she is gone, I know not how,  
Taken invisible, and whether living,  
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertainte to me.  
O Master merri-thought, these are the weights,  
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me sir.

*Old mer.* Why sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.  
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knave.  
Can you forgive him too? *Mar.* With all my heart sir.

*Old mer.* Speake it againe, and hartily.  
*Mar.* I do sir, Now by my soule I do.

*Old Mer.* With that came out his Paramoure,  
She was as white as the Lillie floure,  
Hey troule trolie lolie *Enter Luce and Jasper.*  
With that came out her owne deare knight,  
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.  
Sir, if you will forgive ham, clap their hands together,  
there's no more to be said i'th matter.

*Mar.* I do; I do. *Cit.* I do not like this, peace boies, heare me one of you,  
every bodies part is come to an end but Raphs, and hee's left out.

*Boy.* 'Tis long of your selfe sir, wee have nothing to doe  
with his part.

*Cit.* Raph Come away, make on him as you have done of  
the rest, boies come.

*Wife.* Now good husband let him come out and die.

*Cit.* He shall Nel, Raph, come away quickly and die boy.

*Boy.* Twill be verry unfit he should die sir, upon no occa-  
sion,

# The Knight of the burning Refle

sion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that sir boy, 'is not his part at  
an end, thinke you, when he's dead? come away Raph.

Enter Raph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Raph. When I was mortall, this my costive corps  
Did lap up Figs and Raisons in the Strand,  
Where sitting I espi'd a lovely Dame,  
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All,  
And under ground he vamped many a boote,  
Straight did her love pricke forth me, tender sprig,  
To follow feats of Armes in warlike wise,  
Through Waltham Desert, where I did performe  
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground  
Huge Barbaroso that insulting Giant,  
And all his Captives soone set at liberty.  
Then honour prickt me from my native foile,  
Into Moldavia, where I gaignd the love  
Of Pompiana his beloved daughter;  
But yet prov'd constant to the blacke thum'd maid  
Susan, and skorn'd Pompianas love:  
Yet liberall I was, and gave her pins,  
And money for her fathers Officers,  
I then returned home, and thrust my selfe  
In action, and by all meanes chosen was  
The Lord of May, where I did flourish it,  
With Skarfes, and Rings, and Poesie in my hand,  
After this action I preferred was,  
And chosen Cittie Captaine at Mile-end,  
With hat and fether, and with leading staffe,  
And train'd my men, and brought them all off cleere,  
Save one man that berai'd him with the noise.  
But all theie things I Raph did undertake,  
Onely for my beloved Susans sake.  
Then comming home, and sitting in my shop  
With Apome blew, deach came unto my stall  
To cheapen Aqua-vira, but ore I  
Could take the bottle downe, and fill a taste,

Deach

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Death come and caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,  
And sprinkled all my face and body o're,  
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction i' faict.

Raph. Then tooke I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,  
And walkt in Moore-fields to coole my selfe,  
But there grim cruell death mee me againe,  
And shot this forked arrow through my head,  
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,  
My fellowes every one of forked heads.  
Fare-well all you good boies in merrie London,  
Ne're shall we more upon Shrove-tuesday meetes,  
And plucke downe houses of iniquities,  
My paine increaseth, I shall neuer more  
Hold open,whilst another pumps both legs,  
Nor daub a Satten gowne with rotten eggs,  
Set up a stake, O never more I shall,  
I die, fie, fie my soule to Grocers Hall.

Wife. Well said Raph, do your obeysance to the Gentle-  
men and goe your waies, well said Raph.

Exit Raph.

Old mer. Me thinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly  
reconciled should not part without a song.

March. A good motion.

Old mer. Strike up then.

Song. Ring bus, as I listredil

Better Musick ne're was knowne,  
Then a quire of hearts in one.  
Let each other that hath beene,  
Troubled with the gall or spleene:  
Learne of us to keepe his brow smooth,  
Smooth and plaine as ours are now.  
Sing though before the houre of dying,  
He shall rise and then be crying,  
Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth,  
That keepes the body from the earth.

Exeunt Omnes

Epilogus.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Epilogus.*

*Cit.* Come *Nel*, shall we go, the Plaies done.  
*Wife.* Nay by my faith *George*, I have more manners then  
so, I'le speake to these Gentlemen first: I thanke you all  
Gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to *Raph*, a  
poore fatherlesse childe, and if I may see you at my houfe, it  
should goe hard, but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe  
of Tobacco for you, for truely I hope you doe like the youth,  
but I would bee glad to know the truth: I referre it to your  
owne discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for  
I will winke, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thanke  
you with all my heart, God give you good night; come  
*George.*

*F J N J S.*

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K. Beaumont

644.d.18.

No. VI.

# THE KNIGHT

Of the

# BVRNING PESTLE.

Full of Mirth and Delight.

---

Written by { Francis Beaumont,  
and { Gent.  
John Fletcher. }

---

As it is now acted by her Majesties Servants  
at the Private house in Drury lane.

1635.

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— — — — — Quod si  
Indicum subtile, videndis artibus illud  
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares :  
Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.  
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

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LONDON:  
Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635.

# БАРИНГ ПЕСЕНКИ ОЛДИ

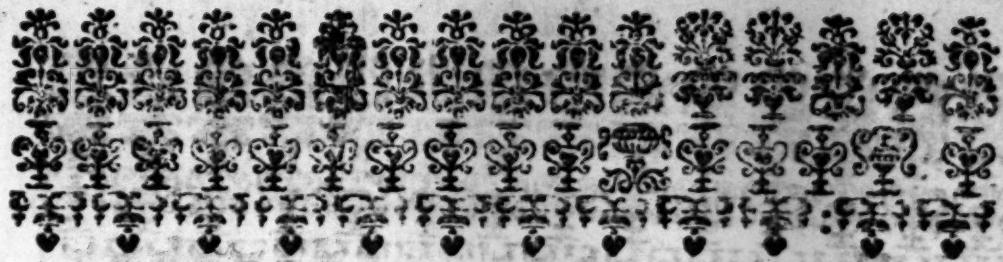
Hannibal B. Sumner  
Wittier P. G.  
John L. Chapman

At the British Museum, Dr. G. T. Clark, M.A., F.R.S.,  
Archaeological Surveyor, has been kind enough to furnish

二〇

*Alles* *in* *Epis. 11* *Ob. 11*

London  
January 2nd 1882.



## To the Readers of this Comedy.

 *Entlemen*, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparrell there is no fashion : For Musicke which is a rare Arte, (though now slighted) no Instrument ; for Dyet, none but the French Kickshoes that are delicate ; and for Playes, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is throughly understood. This is all that I have to say, that the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this Comedy, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtfull to none.

A 3

THE



## THE PROLOGUE.

Here the Bee can sucke no Honey, shee  
leaves her sting behind ; and wherethe  
Beare cannot finde Origanum to heale  
his grieve, hee blasteth all other leaves  
with his breath. We feare it is like to fare so with  
us ; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours  
sweet content, you leave behind you a sower mis-  
like, and with open reproach blame our good  
meaning, because you cannot reapre the wonted  
mirth. Our intent was at this time to move in-  
ward delight, nor outward lightnesse ; and to  
breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud  
laughing : knowing it (to the wise) to be a great  
pleasure, to heare Counsell mixed with Wit, as  
to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudenesse.  
They were banished the Theater of Athens, and  
from Rome hissed that brought Parasites on the  
Stage with apish actions, or fooles with uncivill  
habits, or Courtezans with immodest words.  
We have endeavoured to bee as furre from unseemly  
speeches,

## The Prologue.

Speeches to make your eares glow, as wee hope you  
will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking  
the Authors intention (who never aymed at a-  
ny one particular in this Play,) to make our cheeks  
blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine owne  
censure, to like, or dislike. Vale.

---

THE

---

EHT

The Speakers Names.

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The Prologue.	of Mistresse <i>Merry-thought</i> .
Then a Cittizen.	Old M. <i>Merry-thought</i> .
The Citizens wife, and <i>Raph</i> her man, sitting be- low amidst the Specta- tors.	A Squire.
A rich Marchant.	A Dwarfe.
<i>Jasper</i> his Apprentise.	A Tapster.
Master <i>Humphry</i> , a friend to the Marchant.	A Boy that danceth and singeth.
<i>Luce</i> Marchants daughter	An Host.
Mistresse <i>Merry-thought</i> ,	A Barber.
<i>Jaspers</i> mother.	Two Knights.
<i>Michael</i> , a second sonne	A Captaine.
	A Sergeant.
	Souldiers.

THE



# THE FAM OVS HIST ORY OF THE Knight of the burning PESTLE.

Enter PROLOGUE.

**E**rom all that's neere the Court, from all that's great  
Within the compasse of the City-wals  
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace good-man boy,

Pro. What doe you mean sir ?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: This seven yeeres there  
hath been Playes at this house, I have observed it, you haue still  
girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play, *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a member of the noble City ?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man ?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse  
to the Cittie.

Cit. No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks,  
what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your  
betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others,  
with the Legend of Whittington, or the life and death of sir Tho-  
mas Gresban? with the building of the Royall Exchange? or

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

the storie of Queen *Elenor*, with the rearing of London-bridge upon Wooll-sacks?

*Pro.* You seem to be an understanding man : what would you have us do sir ?

*Cit.* Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the Citie.

*Pro.* Why, what do you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet-privies?

*Cit.* I do not like that, but I will have a Citizen, and hee shall be of my own Trade.

*Pro.* Oh you should have told us your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

*Cit.* Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

*Pro.* What will you have him do ?

*Cit.* Marry I will have him ——

*Wife.* Husband, husband. *Wife below.*

*Rafe.* Peace Mistris. *Rafe below.*

*Wife.* Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do, I warrant yee. Husband, husband.

*Cit.* What say'ſt thou Connie?

*Wife.* Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle, husband, let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

*Cit.* So he shal haue him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

*Wife.* Husband, shall I come up husband? *Wife.*

*Cit.* I Connie. *Rafe,* help your Mistris this way: pray Gentle-  
men make her a little room, I pray you sir lend me your hand to  
help up my wife: I thank you sir. So.

*Wife.* By your leave Gentlemen all, Kme something troubl-  
some, I'me a stranger here, I was nere at one of these Playes as  
they say, before; but I should have seen *Lane Shore* once, and my  
husband hath promised me any time this twelve moneth, to car-  
rie me to the *Bold Beuchame*, but in truthe did not; I pray you  
bear with me.

*Cit.* Boy, let my wife and I haue a couple of stools, and then  
begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

*Pro.* But sir, wee haue never a boy to play him, every one hath  
apart alreadie.

*Wife.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, besrew mee if I doe not think hee will goo beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remembred wife, come up *Rafe*, Ile tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suite of reparrell, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, I'le be hang'd!

*Wife.* I pray you youth let him have a suic of reparrell, I'le be sworn Gentlemen my husband tels you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the Garret, that wee are all as feard I warrant you, that wee quakc again: wee'l feare our children with him if they be never so unruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes, Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quiet as Lambs. Hold up thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst doe, speake a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do *Rafe*, do.

*Rafe.* By heaven (methinks) it were an easie leape To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon, Or dive into the bottome of the Sea, Where never fathome line toucht any ground, And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of Hell.

*Cit.* How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

*Wife.* Nay Gentlemen, he hath playd before, my husband says, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

*Cit.* I, and hee should have playd *Ieronimo* with a shoomaker for a wager.

*Pro.* He shall have a suite of apparell if he will go in.

*Cit.* In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lov'st me.

*Wife.* I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's drest.

*Pro.* But what will you have it call'd?

*Cit.* The Groeers honour.

*Pro.* Mee thinkes, *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Wife Ile be sworn husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately Musick have you? you have shawnes.

Pro. Shawns? no.

Cit. No? I'me a thiefe if my minde did not give mee so. Rafe playes a stately part, and he must needs have shawns: I'll be at the charge of them my self, rather then we'll be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be: there's two shillings, let's have the Waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o're the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them: will you sit down then?

Cit. I, come wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'le hold to sit amongst you for my case.

Pro. From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great Within the compasse of the City-walls, We now have brought our Scene: sic farre from hence All private taxes, immodest phrases, What ere may but shew like viciouſe: For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings, But honest minds are pleasd with honest things. Thus much for that we do: but for Rafe's part You must answer for your ſelfe.

Cit. Take you no care for Rafe, hee'l discharge himſelf I warrant you.

Wife. I faieh Gentlemen, I'le give my word for Rafe.

### Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Man.

Merch. Sirrah, I'le make you know you are my Prentice, And whom my charitable love redeem'd Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat

And

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,  
Adding the fruit of all I have at home,  
In forren Staples, or upon the Sea  
To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions  
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endevours,  
So faire were thy beginnings; but with these  
As I remember you had never charge,  
To love your Masters daughter, and even then,  
When I had found a wealthy husband for her,  
I take it, sir, you had not: but how ever,  
I'le break the neck of that Commission,  
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.

*Iasp.* Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,  
Bound both by love and duty to your service,  
In which, my labour hath been all my profit;  
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted  
To weare your honest gains upon my back,  
Nor have I given a pension to my bload,  
Or lavishly in play consumed your stock.  
These, and the miseries that do attend them,  
I dare with innocence, proclaim are strangers  
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,  
If there be any love to my deservings,  
Born by her vertuous self, I cannot stop it:  
Nor am I able to restrain her wills.  
She's private to her self and best of knowledge,  
Whom she'll make so happy as to fight for.  
Besides I cannot think you mean to match her,  
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,  
One that hath little left of Nature in him.

*Merc.* Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisdom  
How all this shall be cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

*Merc.* And thus it shal be sir, I here discharge you,  
My house, and service, take your libertie,  
And when I want a sonne I'll send for you. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* These be the faire rewards of them that love,  
O you that live in freedome never prove



## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

That like a bladder, biew himselfe with love,  
I have let out, and sent him to discouer  
New masters yet unknown. *Hum* I thank you sir,  
Indeed I thank you sir, and ere I stir,  
It shall be known how ever you do deem,  
I am of gentle bloud, and gentle sceme;

*Mer.* O sir, I know it certain. *Horn*: Sir, my friend,  
Although as Writers say, all things have end, odd i' griles of thine  
And that we call a Pudding, hath his two.  
O let it not seem strange I pray to you,  
If in this bloudie simile, I put  
My love, more endlesse, than frail things or putrid griles vane.

*Wife.* Husband I prethee sweet lambe tell me one thing, but tell me truly: stay youths I beseech you, till I question my husband.  
*Cit.* What is it Mouse the Debonair? *W.*

*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves it selfe, I warrant yee; and speaks and looks; and peart's up the head? I pray you brother with your favour, wch you never none of M. Moncasters Scholers? am nechtion besy now I

Cit. Chickin, I prethee heartily contain thy selfe, the childe  
are prettie childer, but when Rose comes, Lambe. v. 1. W . . . . .

*Wife.* I when Rafe comes, Connie; b'well my youth you may

*Mar.* Well sir, you know my love; and rest, I hope (proceed  
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter; I  
And wed her when you please; you must be bold,  
And clap in close unto her, come, I know am well  
You have language good enough to win a wench;

*Wife.* A whorsonne tyrant hath beene an old stringer in his dayes, I warrant him. *Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and will yield love again for loves reciprocall. *Enter Luce.*

Mar. What Luce within there, Mr. Cal'd you sir? *Mr. I did*  
Give entertainment to this Gentleman, And see you be not froward to her sir; My presence will but be an eye-soar to you, *Exit.*

And

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

And whether you love me or any other.

*Luce.* Sir, these are quickly answered. *Hum.* So they are, Where women are not cruel: but how far Is it now distant from the place we are in, Unto that blessed place your fathers warren.

*Luce.* What makes you think of that sir?

*Hum.* Even that face, For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place, God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether, Unto my cost and charges brought you thither, And there began. *Luce.* Your game sir, *Hum.* Let no game Or any thing that tendeth to the same, Be ever more remembred, thou faire killer For whom I sate me down and brake my Tiller.

*Wife.* There's a kinde Gentleman, I warrant you, when will you do as much for me *George*?

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses, But as the Proverb says, *I cannot cry, if I had not weeped*, I would you had not seen me. *Hum.* So would I, Unlesse you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood, Send for a Constable and raise the Town?

*Hum.* O no, my valiant love will batter down Millions of Constables, and put to flight, Even that great Watch of Midsummer day at night.

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yielded then, Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men Have no resistance. *Hum.* Yield then, I am full Of pitty, though I say it, and can pull Out of my pocket, thus a paire of gloves, Look *Luce*, look, the dogs tooth, nor the Doves Are not so white as these; and sweet they be, And whipt about with silk, as you may see; If you desire the price, lute from your eye, A beam to this place, and you shall espie *F.S.* which is to say thy sweetest Honie, They cost me three and two pence, or no memie.

*Luce.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Luce.* Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you ;  
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Lu.* Why then farewell.

*Humf.* Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,  
Before we part, for what we met together,  
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.

*Luce.* Speake and declare your mind in termes so briefe.

*Humf.* I shall : then first and formost for relief  
I call to you, if that you can affoord it,  
I care not at what price, for on my word, it  
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me  
More than I le speake of now, for love hath cost me  
In furious blanket like a Tennis-ball,  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

*Luce.* Alas good gentleman, alas the day.

*Hum.* I thanke you heartily, and as I say,  
Thus doe I still continue without rest,  
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,  
Roaring and bellowing maine owne disquiet,  
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,  
Will bring me presently to that quandary,  
I shall bid all adieu. *Luce.* Now by S. Mary  
That were great pitty. *Hum.* So it were besurew me,  
Then easc me lusty *Luce*, and pitty shew me.

*Luce.* Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth  
Without my fathers grant ; get his consent,  
And then you may with assurance try me.

*Hum.* The Worshippfull your sirc will not deny me,  
For I have askt him, and he hath reply'd,  
Sweet Master *Humfrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

*Luce.* Sweet Master *Humfrey* then I am content.

*Hum.* And so am I in truth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you  
There is another clause must be annexed,  
And this it is, I swore, and will performe it,  
No man shall ever joy me as his wife,  
But he that stole me hence : if you dare venter,  
I am yours ; you need not feare, my father loves you :  
If not, farewell for ever. *Hum.* Stay Nymph, stay,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

I have a double Gelding coloured bay,  
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,  
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,  
Yet true as trusty tree.    *Luce.* I am satisfied,  
And so I give my hand, our course must lie  
Through Waltham Forrest, where I have a friend  
Will entertaine us, so farewell sir *Humphrey.*    *Exit Luce.*  
And thinke upon your busines.    *Hum.* Though I dye,  
I am resolv'd to venture life and lim,  
For one so young, so faire, so kind, so trun.    *Exit Humphrey.*

*Wife.* By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am vertuous, it  
is e'ne the kindest yong man that ever trod on shooe-leather:  
well, goe thy wayes, if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault' faith.

*Cit.* I prithee mouse be patient, a shall have her, or Ile make  
some of 'em smoake for't.

*Wife.* That's my good lambe *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco  
kils men, would there were none in *England*: now I pray gen-  
tlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? doe you no-  
thing; I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: O husband,  
husband, now, now there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentises,*  
*reading Palmerin of England.*

*Cit.* Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe*; doe not straine  
your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from  
their Dwarfes, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amaine af-  
ter the Gyant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of him, came  
posting amaine, saying, Stay trayterous thiefe, for thou maist  
not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the  
world, and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder,  
that he stroake him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* comming  
to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soone besides  
his horse, with his necke broken in the fall, so that the Prin-  
cessie getting out of the throng, betweene joy and griefe said;  
All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Armes, now  
may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me, I wonder why  
the

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

the Kings doe not raise an Army of fourteene or fifteene Hundred thousand men as bigge as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rosicler*, and destroy these Gyants, they doe much hurt to wandring Damsels, that goe in quest of their Knights.

*Wife.* Faith husband and *Rafe* sayes true, for they say the King of *Portugall* cannot sit at his meat, but the Gyants and the Etins will come and snatch it from him.

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue; on *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* And certaintely those Knights are much to bee commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Desarts to relieve poore Ladies.

*Wife.* I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enoufh, but they doe not the rest.

*Rafe.* There are no such courteous and faire well spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the sonne of a whore, that *Palmerin of England*, would have called faire sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called right beaucous Damsell, they they will call dam'd bitch.

*Wife.* Ille besworne will they *Rafe*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobacco.

*Rafe.* But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of wood, and a blew Aporne before him, selling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Armes, and through his noble atchievements procure such a famous Historie to be written of in his Heroick prowesse.

*Cit.* Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

*Wife.* They goe finely by my troth.

*Rafe.* Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our company, for amongst all the worthy bookes of Atchievements I doe not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfe? my elder Prentice *Tim* shall bee my trusty Squire,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

and little George my Dwarfe, hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shiell shall be partraid a burning Pestle, and I will becall'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

*Wife.* Nay, I darc sweare thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever mecke.

*Rafe. Tim.*

*Tim. Anon.*

*Rafe.* My beloved Squire, and George my Dwarfe, I charge you that from hence-forth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman, or Wench, but faire Lady, if she have her desires; if not distressed Damsell; that you call all Forrests and Heaths Delarts, and all horses Palfries.

*Wife.* This is very fine: faith doe the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, thinkc you husband?

*Cit.* I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shooes in their shop for him.

*Rafe.* My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a deſart, and over it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* Sir, my Master sent me, to know whither you are riding?

*Rafe.* No, thus; faire Sir, the *right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsels, or other wife.

*Cit.* Whorfon block-head cannot remember.

*Wife.* I'faith, and *Rafe* told him on't before: all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

*Geor.* Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsell, to have a halfpenny-worth of Pepper.

*Wife.* That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

*Rafe.* Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shoppe, no more my Prentise, but my trusty Squire and Dwarfe,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Dwarfe, I must bespeak my Shield and arming Pestle.

Cit. Goe thy wayes Rafe, as I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Rafe, Rafe.

Rafe. What say you Mistresse?

Wife. I prethee come againe quickly sweet Rafe.

Rafe. By and by.

Enter Jasper, and his mother Mistress Merry-thought.

Mist. mer. Give thee my blessing sonne, ife ne're give thee my blessing, I hee see thee hang'd first ; it shall ne're bee said I gave thee my blessing : thou art thy Fathers owne sonne, of the blood of the Merry-thoughts ; I may curse the time that e're I knew thy father, hee hath spent all his owne, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries, *A merry heart lives long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art runne away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger sonne Michael, and thou think'st to bezell that, but thou shalt never be able to doe it. Come hither Michael, come Michael, downe on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

Mist. mer. God blesse thee : but Jasper shall never have my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall hee not Michael ? how faist thou ?

Mich. Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

Mist. mer. That's a good boy.

Wife. I'faith it's a fine spoken child.

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parents love, I must preserve the duty of a child : I can not from my Master, nor returne To have your stock maintaine my idlenesse.

Wife. Ungracious child I warrant him, harke how hee chops Logick with his mother : thou hadst best tell her shee lies ; doe tell her shee lies.

Cit. If he were my sonne, I would hang him up by the heelles.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

and fle him, and salt him, whooresonne halter sacke.  
Jasp. My comming onely is to beg your love,  
Which I ever though I never, gaine it,  
And howsoever you esteeme of me,  
There is no drop of blood hid in these veines,  
But I remember well belongs to you,  
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you  
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

Mist. mer. I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knowes)  
but ile hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get  
thee in, and earne of thy brother Michael.

Old mer. within. Nose, nose, jolly red nose, and who gave thee  
this jolly red nose?

Mist. mer. Harke, my husband he's singing and hoiting,  
And I'me faine to carke and care, and all little enough.  
Husband, Charles, Charles Merry-thought.

Enter old Merry-thought.

Old mer. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mist. mer. If you would consider your estate, you would have  
little list to sing, I-wisse.

Old mer. It shold never be considered, while it were an estate,  
if I thought it would spoile my singing.

Mist. mer. But how wilt thou doe Charles, thou art an old  
man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not forty shil-  
lings left, and thou eatest good meate, and drinkest good drink,  
and laughest?

Old mer. And will doe.

Mist. mer. But how wilt thou come by it Charles?

Old mer. How? why have I done hitherto this forty yeares?  
I never came into my Dining-roome, but at eleven and sixe a  
Glocke; I found excellent meate and drinke a'th Table: my  
Cloaths were never worne out, but next morning a Tailor  
brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever:  
use makes perfectnesse. If all should fail, it is but a little strai-

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

king my selfe extraordinary , and laugh my selfe to death .

*Wife.* Its a foolish old man this : is not he George ?

*Cit.* Yes Cunny .

*Wife.* Give me a penny i' th purse while I live George .

*Cit.* I by Ladie cunnie hold thee there .

*Mist. mer.* Well Charles , you promis'd to provide for Jasper , and I have laid up for Michael : I pray you pay Jasper his portion , he's come home , and he shall not consume Michaels stock : he saies his Master turn'd him away , but I promise you truely , J think he ran away .

*Wife.* No indeed misris Merry-thought , though he be a notable gallows , yet ile assure you his Master did turne him away , even in this place twas yfaich within this halfe houre , about his daughter , my hus band was by .

*Cit.* Hang him rogue , he serv'd him well enough : love his Masters daughter ! by my troth Cunnie , if there were a thousand boyes , thou wouldest spoile them all with taking their parts ; let his mother alone with him .

*Wife.* I George , but yet truth is truth .

*Old mer.* Where is Jasper ? he's welcome how ever , call him in , he shall have his portion , is he merry ?

*Enter Jasper and Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* I foule chive him , he is too merry . Jasper , Michael .

*Old mer.* Welcome Jasper , though thou run'st away , welcome . God blesse thee , 'tis thy mothers minde thou shouldest receive thy portion ; thou hast beeene abroad , and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to governe it : thou art of sufficient yeares , hold thy hand : one , two , three , four , five , sixe , seven , eight , nine , there is ten Shillings for thee , thrust thy selfe into the World with that , and take some settled course , if Fortune croise thee , thou hast a retiring place ; come home to me , I have twenty shillings left , be a good husband , that is , weare ordinary Cloaths , eate the best meate , and drinke the best drinke : be merry , and give to the poore , and believe me , thou hast no end of thy goods .

Jasp .

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,  
And long have cause to be thus merry still.  
But father?

Old merri. No more words Jasper, get thee gone, thou hast my  
blessing, thy fathers spirit upon thee. Farewell Jasper; but yet  
or ere you part (oh cruell) kisse me, kisse me sweeting, mine  
owne deare jewell: So, now begon; no words.

Enter Jasper.

Mis. mer. So Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth mother, but Ile have my fathers blessing  
first.

Mis. mer. No Michael, 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou  
hast my blessing, begon; Ile fetch my money, and jewelles, and  
follow thee: Ile stay no longer with him I warrant thee; true-  
ly Charles Ile begon too.

Old mer. What you will not?

Mis. mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old mer. Hey ho, fare-well Nan, Ile never trust wench more  
againe, if I can.

Mis. mer. You shall not think (when all your owne is gone)  
to spend that I have beene scraping up for Michael.

Old mer. Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I have to doe  
in this world, is to be merry: which I shall, if the ground bee  
not taken from me: and if it be,  
When earth and seas from me are reft,  
The skies aloft for me are left.

Exeunt.

Boy dances, Musick.

Finis Actus primi.

Wife. Ile be sworne hee's a merry old Gentleman for all that:  
Harke, harke husband, harke, Fiddles, Fiddles; now surely  
they goe finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fiddlers to  
to tune their Rebecks before the great Turkes gract, is't not  
George? But looke, looke, hee're a youth dances: now good  
youth doe a turne a th toe; Sweete heart, I faith ile have Rafe  
come, and doe some of his Gambols; hee ride the wild mare  
Gentlemen, 'twould doe your hearts good to see him: I thanke  
you kinde youth, pray bid Rafe come.

Cit.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Peace Connie. Sirrah, you scurvie boy, bid the Players send Rafe, or by Gods —— and they doe not, I'le care some of their Periwigs beside their heads & this is all Raffe Raffe.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. And how faith? how goes it now sonne Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipfull, and my beloved friend  
And father deare, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'me glad the Girle  
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirle  
From hence, and you must wink: for so I say,  
The story tels, to morrow before day.

Wife. George, do'st thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be  
a match? tell me but what thou thinkit sweet Rogue, thou seest  
the poore Gentleman (deare heart) how it labours and throbs I  
warrant you, to be at rest: I'le go move the father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prethee sit still Hony-suckle, thou'l t spoile all; if  
he deny him, I'le bring halfe a dozen good fellows my selfe, and  
in the shutting of an evening knock't up, and there's an end,

Wife. I'le busie thee for that i' faith boy; well George, well you  
have been a wag in your dayes I warrant you: but God forgive  
you, and I do with all my heart.

Mer. How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow  
Before day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed,  
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,  
I on a sorrell, which I bought of Brian,  
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion  
In Waltham situate: then if you may,  
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,  
The fatall sisters come, and do the office,  
And then you'll sing another song.      Merch. Alas,  
Why should you be thus full of grief to me?  
That do as willing as your selfe agree

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

To any thing so it be good and faire,  
Then stealer when you will, if such a pleasure ye to, etc. A brist  
Content you both, I le sleep and never see it; d agiwi<sup>t</sup> P right to  
To make your joyes more full: but tell me why  
You may not here performe your marriage?

*Wife* Gods blessing a thy soule old man, i'taith, thou art loath  
to part true hearts: I see a has her *George*, and I me as glad on't,  
well; go thy wayes *Humphrey* for a faire spoken man, I believe  
thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of *London*, and I should  
say the Suburbs to, I should not lie: why dost not thou rejoice  
with me *George*? (Host i'faith.)

*Cit.* If I could but see *Rafe* againe, I were as merry as mine  
*Hum.* The caule you seem to aske, I thus declare,  
Help me oh *Muses* nine, your daughter sware  
A foolish oath, the more it was the pitty:  
Yet none but my selfe within this Citie  
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance  
Shall meet him, were hee of the noble Science.  
And yet she sware, and yet why did she sware;  
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were  
For her owne ease; for sure sometimes an oath,  
Being sworne thereafter, is like cordiall broth.  
And this it was she swore, never to marrie,  
But such a one whose mighty arme could carrie  
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)  
Her bodily away through sticke and stones  
Till both of us arrive, at her request,  
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *Waltham Forrest*.

*Merch.* If this be all, you shall not neede to feare  
Any deniall in your love, proceed,  
I le neither follow, nor repent rhe deed.

*Hum.* Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,  
And twenty more good nights, that makes threescore. *Exeunt.*

*Enter mistris Merri-thought, and her sonne Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* Come *Michael*, art thou not weary Boy?

*Mich.* No for-sooth mother not I.

*Mist. mer.* Where be we now childe?

*Mich.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

*Mich.* Indeed forsooth mother I cannot tell, unlesse we be at Mile-end: is not all the world Mile-end, Mother?

*Mist. mer.* No Michael, not all the world boy; but I can assure thee Michael, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has been a pitchfield my childe, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen, and the Spaniels ran away Michael, and the Englishmen followed: my neighbour Coxstone was there boy, and kil'd them all with a birding piecee.

*Mich.* Mother forsooth.

*Mist. mer.* What says my white boy?

*Mich.* Shall not my father go with us too?

*Mist. mer.* No Michael, let thy father go snick-up, he shall never come between a paire of sheets with mee againe, while hee lives: let him stay at home and sing for his supper boy; come child sit down, and i'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed, look here Michael, here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, and herc's a Bracelet, and here's to Rings more, and here's money, and gold by th' eye my boy. *Mich.* Shall I have all this mother?

*Mist. mer.* I Michael, thou shalt have all Michael.

*Cit.* How lik'st thou this wench?

*Wife.* I cannot tell, I would have Rafe, George; I'le see no more else indeed-law, and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'me afraid a my boy: come, come George, let's be merry and wise, the child's a fatherlesse childe, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, twere worse then knot-grasse, hee would never grow after it. *Enter Rafe, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

*Cit.* Here's Rafe, here's Rafe.

*Wife.* How do you Rafe? you are welcome Rafe, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends. Rafe, the Gentlemen will prayse thee Rafe, if thou playst thy part with audacitie, begin Rafe a Gods name.

*Rafe.* My trusty Squire unlace my Helme, give mee my hat, where are we, or what desart might this be?

*Dw.* Mirroure of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

*Mist. mer.* O Michael, wee are betraide, we are betraide, here

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

be Giants, flic boy, flic boy flic. Ex uns mother and Michael.

Rafe. Lase on my Helme again: what noise is this?  
A gentle Lady flying the embace  
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.  
Go squire, and say, the Knight that weares this Pestle  
In honour of all Ladies, swcares revenge  
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her,  
Go comfort her, and that same gentle Squire  
That beares her company. Squire. I goe brave Knight.

Rafe. My trusty Dwarfe and friend, reach me my shield,  
And hold it while I sweare: first by my Knighthood,  
Then by the soule of Amadis de Gaule,  
My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,  
The beautous Brionella girt about me,  
By this bright burning Pestle of mine honour,  
The living Trophie, and by all respect  
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow  
Never to end the quest of this faire Ladie,  
And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour  
I gain their libertie. Dwarfe. Heaven blesse the Knight  
That thus relieves poore errant Gentlewomen. Exit.

Wife. I marry Rafe, this has some favour in't. I would see the  
proudest of them all offer to carrie his books after him. But  
George, I will not have him go away so soone, I shall be sicke  
if he go away, that I shall; call Rafe again George, call Rafe a-  
gain, I prethee sweet heart let him come fight before mee, and  
let's ha some Drums and Trumpets, and let him kill all that  
comes neer him, and thou lov'st me George.

Cit. Peace a little bird, he shall kill them all, and they were  
twenty more on 'em then there are. Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now fortune, if thou be'st not onely ill,  
Shew me thy better face, and bring about  
Thy desperate wheele, that I may climbe at length  
And stand, this is our place of meeting,  
If love have any constancie. Oh age! Where onely wealthy men art counted happie:  
How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smilnes?

When.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

When I am onely rich in misery ?  
My fathers blessing, and this little coine  
Is my inheritance, a strong revenue,  
From earth thou art, and to earth I give thec,  
There grow and multiply, whilst fresheraire  
Breeds me a fresher fortune : how, illusion !  
What hath the Devill coyn'd himselfe before me ?  
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,  
And taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing  
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,  
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine. Exit.

*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifte youth should embesill  
away the monie, the poore Gentlewoman his mother will have  
a heavy heart for it, God knows.

*Cit.* And reason good , sweet heart.

*Wife.* But let him go, I'le tell *Rafe* a tale in's eare shall feteh  
him again with a Wanion I warrant him, if he be above ground ;  
and besides *George* , here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen  
can witnesse, and my self, and your selfe, and the Musicians, if we  
be calld in question, but here comes *Rafe*, *George*, thou shalt heare  
him speake, as he were an Emperall.

Enter *Rafe* and *Dwarf*.

*Rafe.* Comes not sir Squire again ?  
*Dwarf.* Right courteous Knight,  
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Ladie.

Enter *Mistress Mer.* and *Michael*, and *Squire*.

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

*Rafe.* Madam, if any service or devoir  
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,  
Command it, I am prest to give you succour,  
For to that holy end I beare my Armonr.

*Mist. mer.* Alas, sir, I am a poore Gentlewoman , and I have  
lost my mony in this Forrest.

*Rafe.* Desart, you would say Ladie, and not lost  
Whilst I have sword and launce, dry up your teares  
Which ill befits the beauty of that face :

## *The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And tell the storie if I may request it,  
Of your diastrous fortune.

*Mist. mer.* Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound,  
e'nt all the mony I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of  
your Master ship, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, saving  
your presence, more like a Giant then a mortall man.

*Rafe.* I am as you are, Lady, so are they  
All mortall, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

*Mist. mer.* Has he not cause to weep do you think, when hee  
has lost his inheritance?

*Rafe.* Yong hope of va'our, weep not, I am here  
That will confound thy foe, and pay it deare  
Upon his coward head, that dare denie,  
Distress'd Squires, and Ladies equitie.

I have but one horse, on which shall ride  
This Lady faire behinde me, and before  
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more  
Upon our next adventure; fairly speed  
Beside us Squire and Dwarfe to do us need.

*Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Did not I tell you *Nel* what your man would do? by the  
faith of my body wench, for clean action and good delivery they  
may all cast their caps at him.

*Wife.* And so they may i' faith, for I dare speak it boldly, the  
twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber, for  
timber: well *George*, and hee be not inveigled by some of these  
paulterie Players, I ha much marvell: but *George* we ha done our  
parts, if the Boy have any grace to be thankfull.

*Cit.* Yes I warrant you duckling.

*Enter Humphrey and Luce.*

*Hum.* Good Mistris *Luce*, how ever I in fault am  
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham*.  
But which way now to go, or what to say  
I know not truly till it be broad day,

*Luce.* O feare not master *Humphrey*, I am guide  
For this place good enough. *Hum.* Then up and ride,  
Or if it please you, walk for your repose,

*Or*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose :  
Either of which shall be indifferent,  
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent  
Is so entangled ever to your will,

As the poor harmlesse horse is to the Mill.

*Luce.* Faith and you say the word, wee'l e'ne sit down,  
And take a nap. *Hum.* 'Tis better in the Town,  
Where we may nap together : for believe me,  
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

*Luce.* You're merry master Humphrey. *Hum.* So I am,  
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

*Luce.* Your Nurse had the lesse labour.

*Hum.* Faith it may be,  
Unlesse it were by chance I did beray me. *Enter Jasper.*

*Jasp.* Luce, deare friend *Luce.* *Luce.* Here Jasper.

*Jasp.* You are mine.

*Hum.* If it be so, my friend, you use me fine :  
What do you think I am ? *Jasp.* An arrant Noddy.

*Hum.* A word of obloquie : now by Gods body,  
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.

*Jasp.* Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,  
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gave it:  
And say I paid you well. *Hum.* O sir I have it,  
And do confess the payment, pray be quiet.

*Jasp.* Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,  
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce.* Alas, poore Humphrey,  
Get thee some wholsome broth with Sage and Cumfrie :

A little oile of Roses and a feather  
To noint thy back withall. *Hum.* When I came hither,  
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dorry.

*Luce.* Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorry  
I cannot beare thee company. *Hum.* Farewell,  
The Devils Dam was ne're so bang'd in Hell. *Exeunt.*

*Maner Humphrey.*

*Wife.* This young Jasper will prove mee another Things, a my  
conscience and hee may be suffered ; George, dost not see George  
how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as hee were a

Dragon;

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Dragon; well if I doe not doe his lesson for wronging the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, then have taught him these fegaries: he's e'ne in the high-way to the Gallows, God blesse him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Conny, the yong man may doe well enoough for all this.

Wife. Come hither master Humphrey, has hee hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some greene Ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's head, as big as a Pullets Egge: alas, sweet Lambe, how thy temples beate; take the peace on him sweet hart, take the peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Ne, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I'le ha Rafe fight with him, and swing him up well favourdly: sirrah boy come hither, let Rafe come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife. I, and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies contrary, and twill hazard the spoylling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'le ha Rafe come out, I'le make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why sir, hee shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways good-man boy, I'le hold him a penny hee shall have his belly full of fighting now, ho here comes Rafe, no more.

Enter Rafe, mistris Merry, Michael, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Rafe. What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keep The passage, bound by love of Lady faire, Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight, But a poor Gentleman, that this same night, Had stolne from me on yonder Green, My lovely wife, and suffered to be seen Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting, That whilst I live, I shall think of that that meeting.

Wife. I Rafe, he beat him unmercifully, Rafe, and thou spar'st him Rafe, I would thou wert hang'd,

Cit.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* No more, wife no more.

*Rafe.* Where is the Caitiffe wretch hath done this deed? *Lady,* your pardon, that I may proceed Upon the quest of this injurious Knight. And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse, In leaving the great ventre of the purse, *Enter Jasper and Luce.* And the rich Casket till some better leisure.

*Hum.* Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

*Rafe.* Go, Squire, and tell him I am here, An Errant Knight at Arms, to crave delivery Of that faire Lady to her own Knights arms.

If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,

And so defie him. *Squire.* From the Knight that beares *The golden Pestle*, I defie thee Knight.

Unless thou make faire restitution Of that bright Lady.

*Jasp.* Tell the Knight that sent thee He is an Ase, and I will keep the wench, And knock his Head-pecece.

*Rafe.* Knight thou art but dead, If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms :

*Wife.* Break's pate *Rafe*, break's pate *Rafe*, soundly.

*Jasp.* Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle

*Snatches away his Pestle.*

Shall try what temper, sir, your Morter's of: With that he stood upright in his stirrops, And gave the Knight of the Calve-skin such a knock, That he forsook his horse, and down he fell, And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Helmet.

*Hum.* Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon, Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

*Exit Humphrey and Rafe.*

*Wife.* Run *Rafe*, run *Rafe*, run for thy life boy, *Jasper* comes,

*Jasper* comes.

*Jasp.* Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you, *Humphrey* and *Golden Pestle* both adieu.

*Exit Humphrey and Golden Pestle.*

*Wife.* Sure the Devill, God blesse us, is in this Springald, why

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

George, didst ever see such a fire-drake I am afraid my boy's mis-carried; if he be, though he were Master Merry-thought sonne a thousand times, if there be any Law in England, I'lc make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the matter sweet heart, Rafe is enchanted as sure as we are here; hee is enchanted, hee could no more have stood in Rafe's hands, then I can stand in my Lord Majors. I'lc have a Ring to discover all enchantments, and Rafe shall beat him yet: be no more vext, for it shall be so.

Enter Rafe, Squire, Dwarfe, Mistris Merry-thought  
and Michael.

Wif. O husband, here's Rafe againe, stay Rafe, let mee speake with thee, how dost thou Rafe? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the soule great Lunge is laid unmercifully on thee, there's some sugar-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Rafe had him at the Fencing-scholle, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and downe the Schoole, he should ne're come in my shop more.

Mist. mer. Truly Master Knight of the burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

Rafe. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your faire Squire, For in this Desart there must needs be plac'd Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights, And till I bring you safe to one of those I sweare by this my Order ne're to leave you.

Wife. Well said Rafe, George, Rafe was extricomfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne're forget him: when wee had lost our child, you know it was straid almost, alone, to Puddle-warfe, and the Cryers were abroad for it; and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, Rafe was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistris, sayes he, let it go, I'lc get you another as good, did hee not George? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he: Mousc. Id hoo, Coo, Dwarfe.

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

Dwarfe. I would we had a mess of Bottage and a pot of drinke,  
Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire. Why we are at Waltham Townes end, and that's the  
Bell Inne.

Dwarfe. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsell, and Squire,  
I have discovered, not a stones cast off,  
An ancien Castle held by the old Knight  
Of the most holy Order of the Bell,  
Who gives to all Knights Errant entertaines  
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,  
By the white hands of his own Lady deare.  
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:  
The first high Chamberlaine, who will see  
Our beds prepar'd and bring us snowy sheets,  
Where never foo man stretcht his butter'd Hams.

The second hight Tapstro, who will see  
Our pots full filled, and no froth thereth :  
The third a gentle Squire Ostler hight,  
Who will our Palfries slick with wisps of straw,  
And in the Manger put them Oates enough,  
And never grease their teeth with Candle snusse.

Wife. That same Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grot-  
nold.

Rafe. Knock at the Gates my Squirs with stately Lance.

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a  
roome?

Dwarf. Right courteous & valiant Knight of the burning Peste,  
This is the Squire Tapstro.

Rafe. Faire Squire Tapstro, I a wandring Knight,  
Height of the burning Peste in the quest  
Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,  
Losing my selfe in this vast Wildernes,  
Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,  
Where hearing of the goodly entertain  
Your Knight of holy Order of the Bell,  
Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter. Now I stand

*Tapster.* An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome.

*Wife.* George I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

*Cit.* What is it Nel?

*Wife.* Why George, shall Rafe beat no body againe? prethee sweet-heart let him.

*Cit.* So he shall Nel, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Humphrey and Merchant.

*Wife.* O George here's master Humphrey againe now, that lost Mistirs Luce, and Mistris Lucies father, Master Humphrey will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

*Hum.* Father it's true, in armes I ne're shall claspe her, For she is stolne away by your man Jasper.

*Wife.* I thought he would tell him on his behalf.

*Merch.* Unhappy that I am to lose my child: Now I begin to think on Jaspers words, Who ofc hath urg'd to me thy foolishnesse, Why didst thou let her go? thou lov'st her not, That wouldest bring home thy life, and not bring her.

*Hum.* Father forgive me, I shall tell you true, Look on my shoulders, they are black and bliew, Whilst too and fro faire Luce and I were winding, He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

*Merch.* Get men and horses straight, we will be there Within this houre, you know the place againe.

*Hum.* I know the place, where he my loynes did swaddle, I'le get six horses, and to each a saddle.

*Mer.* Mean time I'le go talk with Jaspers father.

*Wife.* George, what wilt thou lay with mee now, that Master Humphrey has not Mistris Jaspers speake George, what wilt thou lay with me?

*Cit.* No Nel, I warrant thee Jasper is at Puckridge with her by this.

*Wife.* Nay George, you must consider Mistris Lucies feet are tender,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

tender, and besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham Forrest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that Rafe has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against Rafe Hunny, because I have not spoken with him: but look George, peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter old Merry-thought.

Old mer. When it was grown to dark mid-night,  
And all were fast asleep,

In came Margarets grimly Ghost,  
And stood at Williams feet.

I have money, and meat and drink before hand, till to morrow at noon, why should I be sad? mee thinks I have half a dozen Joviall spirits within me, I am three merry men, and three merry men: To what end should any man be sad in this World? give me a man that when hee goes to hanging cryes, troule the black boule to me: and a woman that will sing a catch in her Travell. I have seen a man come by my doore, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if hee lookest for pins in the street, I have lookest out of my window half a years after, and have spyeid that mans head upon London-bridge: 'tis viles never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his work, his minde is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Marke this George 'tis worth noting: Godfrey my Tailor, you know never sings, and hee had fourteene yards to make this Gown, and hee be sworne Mistris Penistone the Drapers wife had one made with twelve.

Old mer. 'Tis mirth that fils the veins with bloud,  
More then wine, or sleep, or food.  
Let each man keep his heart at easies,  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases, must not weep,  
But who ever laughs and sings,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Never his body brings  
Into Fvers, Gouts, or Rhumes,  
Or Jingringly his lungs consumes :  
Or meets with Aches in the bone,  
Or Cathartes, or griping Stone :  
But contented lives for aye,  
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look George, how sayst thou by this George ? is't not a fine old man ? Now Gods blessing a' thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so merry George ? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, thou shalt see him take down too I warrant thee ; here's Luces father come now.

Oldmer. As you came from Walsingham, from the holy Land, there met you not with my true-love by the way as you came.

Merch. Oh Master Merry-thought ! my daughters gone, This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

Oldmer. Why an if she be what care I ? Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my misery, it is your sonne, Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him, Has stoln my only joy, my childe away.

Oldmer. He set her on a milk-white steed, and himself upon a He never turn'd his face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn To thee, and thine : too late I well perceive Thou art consenting to my daughters losse,

Oldmer. Your daughter, what a stur's here wee yer daughter ? Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sonnes were on the gallows, I would sing down, down, down : they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Merch. Oh might I behold her once again. And she once more embrace her aged sire.

Oldmer. Fie how scurvily this goes : and shite once more embrace her aged sire ? you'll make a dog on her, will ye ? She cares much for her aged sire I warrant you.

She

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

She cares not for her Daddy, nor she cares not for her Mammy.  
For she is, she is, she is my Lord of Long-gaves Lassie.

Merch. For this thy scorn I will pursue  
That sonne of thine to death.

Old mer. Do, and when you ha kil'd him,  
Give him flowers i' now Palmer, give him flowers i' now,  
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'le fetch my daughter.

Old mer. I'le heare no more a your daughter, it spoiles my mirth.

Merch. I say I'le fetch my daughter.

Old mer. Was never man for Ladies sake, down, down,  
Tormented as I sir Guy? de derry down,  
For Lucies sake, that Lady bright, down, down,  
As ever men beheld with eyes? de derry down.

Merch. I'le be revengid by Heavens, Exeunt

(isup Musique. Finis Actus secundus.

Wife. How dost thou like this George?

Cit. Why this is well Cunny abut if Rafe were hot once, thou shouldest see more.

Wif. The Fidlers go again husband.

Cit. I Nell, but this is scury Musique! I gave the Whore-sonne gallows money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the Waits of Southwark, if I hearch him not shal I let twinge him by the ears, Your Musicians play Baloo.

Wife. No good George, let's ha Lachryme.

Cit. Why this is it Cunny.

Wife. It's all the better George: now sweet Lambe, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the constitation of Saint Paul?

Cit. No Lambe, that's Rafe and Luorce.

Wife. Rafe and Luorce? which Rafe? our Rafe?

Cit. No Mouse, that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian? well, I wo'd the Fidlers had done, that we might see our Rafe again.

Actus.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasp. Come my deare, though we have lost our way,  
We have not lost our selves: are you not weary  
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?  
And frighted with the terrorre that attends  
The darknesse of this wilde unpeopled place?

Luce. No my best friend, I cannot either feare,  
Or entertaine a weary thought, whilst you  
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:  
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish  
Amongst the number of forsaken Lovers,  
Tell the long weary steps, and number tyme,  
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their bloud,  
Whilst I (possesse with all content and quiet)  
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me Luce, so fast, that whilst I live  
I shall become your faithfull prisoner: How I will  
And weare these chains for ever. Come, sit down,  
And rest your body, too too delicate  
For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?  
Come, do not be more able then you are,  
I know you are not skilfull in these Watches,  
For women are no souldiers; be not nice,  
But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep,  
Indeed, I cannot friend.

Jasp. Why then wee'll sing,  
And try how that will work upon our sences.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or anything but sleep.

Jasp. Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart  
With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mocke me Jasper.

Song.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Song.

Jasp. Tell me (dearest) what is love ?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above,

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire, most boist

'Tis a boy they call desire,

'Tis a smile

Both beguile

Jasp. The poore hearts of men that prove,

Tell me more, are women true ?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they faire, and never kinde ?

Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Jasp. Are they froward ?

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God

Of heavy sleep, lay on his heavy Maece,

Upon your eye-lids. Luce. I am very heavy.

Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:

Keep from her faire bloud distempers, startings,

Horours and fearfull shapes : let all her dreams

Be joyes, and chast delights, embraces, wishes,

And such new pleasures as the ravish't soule

Gives to the sences. So my charms have took,

Keep her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate

Upon the wealth and beautie of her minde.

She is onely faire, and constant : onely kinde,

And onely to thee Jasper. Oh my joyes !

Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse

Of my poore buried hopes, come up together,

And over-charge my spirits ; I am weak,

Some say (how ever ill) the Sea and Women

Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebbe and flow,

Both full of changes : yet to them that know,

And truly judge, these but opinions are,

And heresies to bring on pleasing war.

## *The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Between our tempers, that without these were  
Both void of after-love, and present feare.  
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou childe !  
Bred from despaire, I dare not entertain thee,  
Having a love without the faults of women,  
And greater in her perfect goods then men :  
Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,  
Though certaintly I am certain of her love,  
I'le try her, that the world and memory  
May sing to after times her constancie.

*Luce, Luce*, awake. *Luce*, Why do you fright me friend,  
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword  
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?  
I prethee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wilde with watching,

*Jasp.* Come make your way to Heaven, and bid the World  
(With all the villanies that stick upon it)

Farewell; you're for another life. *Luce.* Oh *Jasper*!

How have my tender yeers committed evill,

(Especially against the man I love)

Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp.* Foolish girle,

Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter

That flung me from my fortune into nothing?

Discharged me his service, shut the doores

Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,

Sending me, like a boat without a mast,

To sink or swim? Come, by this hand you die,

I must have life and bloud to satisfie

Your fathers wrongs.

*Wife.* Away *George*, away; raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and  
bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villaine.  
Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O my  
heart what a varlet's this, to offer man-slaughter upon the harm-  
lesse Gentlewoman?

*Cit.* I warrant thee (sweet heart) wee'l have him hampered.

*Luce.* Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel, if thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly.  
And let not many deaths appeare before me.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I am a woman made of feare and love,  
A weake, weake woman, kill not wiuh thy eyes,  
They shooce me through and through. Strikē I am ready.  
And dying still I love thee.

*Enter Merchant, Humphrey and his men.*

*Merch.* Where abouts?

*Iasp.* No more of this, now to my selfe again.

*Hum.* There, there he stands with sword like martiall Knight  
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight  
You that are wise: for were I good sir Bevis,  
I would not stay his comming, by your leaves.

*Merc.* Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Iasp.* Sirrah, no.

*Merch.* Upon him then.

*Wife.* So, down with him, down with him, down with him:  
cut him i'the leg boyes, cut him i'th'leg.

*Merc.* Come your wayes Minion, I'le provide a Cage for you,  
you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

*Hum.* Truly I'me glad your forces have the day.

*Exeunt.*

*Iasp.* They are gone, and I am hurt, my Love is lost,  
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!

*manet*  
*Iasper.*

Bleed, bleed, and die, I cannot: Oh my folly!

Thou hast betrayd me, Hope where art thou fled?

Tell me if thou be'st any where remayning.

Shall I but see my love again? Oh no!

She will not daine to look upon her Butcher,

Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.

Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art

That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,

And let me loving live; or losing die.

*Exit.*

*Wife.* Is a gone George?

*Cit.* I conny.

*Wife.* Marry and let him go (sweet heart) by the faith a my body a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an Aspine leafe: looke a my little finger George, how it shakes: now in truthe every member of my body is the worse fort.

*Cit.* Come, hug in mine armes sweet Mouse, hee shall not

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

fright thee any more : alas mine own dear heart, how it quivers,

Enter Mistris Morry thought, Rafe, Michael, Squire,  
Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.

Wife. O Rafe, how dost thou Rafe ? how hast thou slept to  
night ? has the Knight us'd thee well ?

Cit. Peace Nel, let Rafe alone.

Tapst. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Rafe. Right courteous Knight, who for the orders sake  
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy Bell,  
As I this flaming Pestle beare about,  
We render thanks to your puissant selfe.  
Your beaucous Lady, and your gentle Squires,  
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,  
Stifned with hard atchievements in wild Desart.

Tapst. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire Tapster, thanks to thoe,  
For comforting our soules with double Jugs  
And if adventrous Fortune prick thee forth,  
Thou joviall Squire, to follow feats of Arms,  
Take heed thou tender every Ladie's cause,  
Every true Knight, and every Damsell faire  
But spill the bloud of treacherous Saracens,  
And false enchanters, that with Magick spels,  
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the burning Pestle, give care to  
me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I  
will not bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prethee tell mee, must Rafe pay twelve shil-  
lings now ?

Cit. No Nel, no , nothing but the old Knight is merry with  
Rafe.

Wife. O is't nothing else ? Rafe will be as merry as he.

Rafe. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,  
But to requite this liberall courtesie,  
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,  
He shall receive from my Heroick hand

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

A Knighthood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

*Rafe.* Faire Knight, I thank you for your noble offer,  
Therefore gentle Knight,  
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you:

*Wife.* Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of  
the Bell is in earnest, *Rafe* shall not be beholding to him, give  
him his mony *George*, and let him go stick up.

*Cit.* Cap *Rafe*? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the Bell, there's  
your mony, have you any thing to say to *Rafe* now? cap *Rafe*?

*Wife.* I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that will  
not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to  
the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

*Mmer.* Come *Michael*, thou and I will goc home to thy fa-  
ther, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and wee'l set  
fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall we *Michael*?

*Mich.* I, I pray mother, in truth my feet are full of chil-blaines  
with travelling.

*Wife.* Faith and those chil-blaines are a foale trouble. Mistis  
*Merry-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub all  
the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a Mouse-  
skin; or if none of your can catch a Mouse, when he goes to bed,  
let him rowle his feet in the warme embers, and I warrant you  
he shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers between  
his toes, and smell to them, it's very soveraigne for his head, if  
he be costive.

*Mist.mer.* Master Knight of the burning Pestle, my sonne *Mi-  
chael*, and I bid you farewell, I thanke your Worship hartily for  
your kindnesse.

*Rafe.* Fare-well faire Ladie, and your tender Squire.  
If pricking through these Desarts, I doe heare  
Of any traitorous Knight who through his guile,  
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,  
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

*Mist.mer.* I thank your Worship. Exit with *Michael*.

*Rafe.* Dwarfe beare my shield, Squire elevate my lance,  
And now farewell you Knight of holy Bell.

*Cit.* I, I *Rafe*, all is paid.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Rafe.* But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight,  
If ought you do of sad adventures know,  
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne  
Eternall fame, and free some gentle souls,  
From end lesse bounds of steel and lingring pain.

*Host.* Sirrah go to *Nick the Barber*, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

*Tap.* I am gone sir.

*Exit Tapster.*

*Host.* Sir Knight, this Wildernesse affordeth none  
But the great venture, where full many a Knight  
Hath tride his prowesse, and come off with shame,  
And where I would not have you lose your life,  
Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

*Rafe.* Speak on Sit Knight, tell what he is, and where:  
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,  
Never to blaze a day in quietnesse ;  
But bread and water will I onely eat,  
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch  
Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,  
That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

*Host.* Not far from hence, neer a craggy cliffe  
At the North end of this distressed Town,  
There doth stand a lowly house  
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave  
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,  
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand  
He shakes a naked Lance of purest steele,  
With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he weares,  
A motly garment to preserve his clothes  
From bloud of thosc Knights which he massacres,  
And Ladies Gentle: without his doore doth hang  
A copper bason, on a prickant Speare;  
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,  
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,  
And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,  
And sets him down in an enchanted chaire :  
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd

With

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,  
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin,  
He plants a brazen piece of mighty board,  
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,  
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument  
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill  
The wretches ears with a most hideous noyse.  
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,  
And now no creature dares encounter him.

*Rafe.* In Gods Name, I will fight with him, kinde sir,  
Go but before me to this dismall Cave  
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwels,  
And by that vertue that brave *Rosicleere*,  
That damned brood of ugly Giants flue,  
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:  
I doubt not but to curbe this Traitor foule,  
And to the Devill send his guilty soule.

*Host.* Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe  
This your request, I'le bring you within sight  
Of this most lothsome place, inhabited  
By a more lothsome man: but dare not stay,  
For his mayn force swoops all he sees away.

*Rafe.* Saint *George* set on before, march Squire & Page. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* George, dost think *Rafe* will confound the Giant?

*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why *Nel*, I saw  
him wrastle with the great Dutchman, and hurle him.

*Wife.* Faith and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things  
were answerable to his bignesse: and yet they say there was a  
Scottishman higher then he, and that they two and a Knight met,  
and saw one another for nothing: but of all the sights that ever  
were in *London*, since I was married, methinks, the little childe  
that was so faire growne about the members, was the prettiest,  
that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

*Cit.* Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

*Wife.* *Ninivie*, Othaf was the story of *Ione* and the walt, was  
it not *George*?

*Cit.* Yes Lam.

Enter *Mistris Merrythought*.  
*Wife.*

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Wife. Look George, here comes Mistris Merry-thought again, and I would have Rafe come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good Mistris Merri-thought be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have audience presently, I have a little businesse.

Wife. Mistris Merry-thought if it please you to refraine your passion a little, till Rafe have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you good Mistris Merry-thought. *Exit Mist. Merry-thought.*

*Enter a Boy.*

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away Rafe and this whore-sonne Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'l utterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost mony, you will not suffer us to go on with our plots, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'l trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand George, do, and I'l kiss him, I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'l send him to you presently.

*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thanke you little youth, seth the childc hath a sweete breath George, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, Carduus Benedictus and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't. O Rafe's here George; God send thee good lucke Rafe.

*Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,  
Lo where the Speare and Copper Bason are,  
Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth,  
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand ring Knights,  
I dare not stay to sound, he will appeare.

*Exit Host.*

Rafe. O faint not heart, Susan my Ladie deare:  
The Coblers Maid in Milkstreet, for whose sake,  
I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee,  
Carry thy Knight through all the adverterous deeds,

And

The Knight of the burning Pele.

And in the honour of thy beauteous selfe,  
May I destroy this monster? By this King I  
Knock Squire upon the Dushn triple breake,  
With the shrill strokes, ong the Gaint spake.

Wife. O George, the Gaint, the Gaint, now Rafe for thy life.

Barbar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares,  
So madly knock at Barbarique's Cell,

Where no man comes, but leaves his blade behind?

Rafe. I, trayterous Caitiffey wheram sent by fate  
To punish all the sad enormities  
Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle,  
And Errant Knights, Traytor to God and man.  
Prepare thy self, this is the small houre  
Appointed for thee, to give strict account  
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby  
This fond reproach, thy body will hang, The taker downe  
And lo upon that string thy teeth shall hang: his pole.  
Prepare thy self, for dead soon shall thourbe.

Rafe. Saint George for me. They fight.

Barba. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him Rafe, to him, hold up the Gaint, set out thy legge  
before Rafe.

Cit. Falsifie a blow Rafe, falsifie a blow, the Gaint lies open  
on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still; there boy, O Rafe almost  
down, Rafe's almost down.

Rafe. Susan inspire me, now have up again,

Wife. Up, up, up, up, so Rafe, down with him, down with  
him Rafe.

Cit. Fetch him over the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, Rafe.

Cit. No Rafe, get all out of him first.

Rafe. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end  
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,  
Who never prosper those that do despise them,  
For all the villanies which thou hast done.

The Knight of the burning Steele.

To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thes homed ordynacions  
By my stiffe arme, a Knight adventurous, with your selfe I say,  
But say vyle wretch, before I send thy soul unto the  
Knoocke & dñeys upon you, to the  
To sad Avernes, whither it must go, to worke Hellish  
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cayle, O .

Barba. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day,

Rafe. Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadfull cayle  
And free the wretched prisoners from thois bonds,

Barb. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight, I thinke o' T  
And scornst to spill the bloud of those that beg,

Rafe. Thou shewest no mercy, non shalt thou have any, Prepare thy selfe, for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Squire leading one wrinckling, with a Basoun under his chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner, Whom this wilde man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wile word I heard the Squire speake not aid T

Rafe. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd, That I may give him condigne punishment,

I Kni. I am a Knight that took my journey post Northward from London, and in courteous wise, This Giant train'd me to his den, Under pretence of killing of the itch,

And all my body with a powder strew'd, wold a scathe, That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard, And my curl'd locks wherein were Ribands tyde, And with a water wash't my tender eyes, Whilst up and down about me still he skipt, Whose vertue is, that till my eyes be wip't With a dry cloth, for this my foule disgrace, I shall not dare to look a dog i'th' face,

Wife. Alas poore Knight, relieve him Rafe, relieve poore Knights whilst you live.

Rafe. My trusty Squire, convey him to the Towne, Where he may finde reliefe, adien faire Knight. Exit Knight.

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o're his Nose, Dwar.

Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

## The Knight of the burning Peste.

See here another wretch, whom this horble beast  
Hath forfet and scot up in this infernall wife.  
Sir Rafe. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,  
And what hath been thy refuge in this Cave.

2. Knight. I am a Knight, Sir Pock-hole is my name,  
And by my birth I am a Londoner,  
Free by my Coffy, but my Ancestors  
Were Frenchmen all, and riding hard this way,  
Upon a trotting horse my bones did shake,  
And I faint Knight to ease my weary Hindes,  
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,  
With sharpest instrument of purest Steele,  
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,  
And in the place this verreplayner hands,  
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good Rafe believe sir Pockhole, and send him away, for  
in truth his breath stinks.

Rafe. Convey him straight after the other Knight.  
Sir Pockhole fare you well.

3. Knight. Kinde sir good knight. Exit.

Man. Deliver us. Deliver us.

Wife. Harke George, what a wofull cry there is, I thinke some  
woman lyes in there. Deliver us.

Woman. Deliver us. Deliver us.

Rafe. What gasty noyse is this? speak Barbaroso  
Or by this blazing Steele thy head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, when I in dñe keep,  
Send lower down into the Cave,  
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,  
There may they finde them and deliver them.

Rafe. Run Squire and Dwarfe, deliver them with speed.

Exit Squire and Dwarfe.

Wife. But will not Rafe kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if he  
let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Citizen. Not so Mousonicher, if he could convert him.

# The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Wife. I George if he could convert him; but a Gyant is not so soone converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devil's mark about her, God blesse us, that had a Gyant to her sonnes. This was a bold fellow by fire, didst never hear of George? he is a King now. I am a King too.

Enter Squire leading a man with a staffe and holding his hand, and the Dwarf leading a woman with a tray of bread and Drizled upon a rotting hole in the ground.

Cit. Peace Nell, here comes the prisoners And I will see the King to Dwar. Here be these poor wretched meanly Knights That for this sixe weeks have not seen a sight of bread.

Raph. Deliver what you are and I will deliver you To this sad cave, and what you may want And in the blacke hole get you.

Man. I am an errant Knight that fell in love With speare and shield, and in my tendre years I stricken was with Cupids fiery shaft, And fell in love with this mad wifes. And stole her from her friends in Turp-hall, And bore her up and downe from

Where we did eat and drinke and Musick heare;

Till at the length, at this unhappy coming We did arrive, and comming to this Cave, This beast us caught, and put me in a hole Where we this two months sweat, and should have done Another Month, if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This bread and water hath our master brought us together with a rib cut from a freshe mune. Of burned Mutton; hard hath beene our fare, Release us from this ugly Gyants place.

Man. This hath beene halfe the food we have receiv'd But onely twice a day for no pay, He gave a spurnfull of his hearty broth To each of us, through this same tender quill.

Raph. From this internall Motion you shall goe, That useth Knights and gentle Ladies, to the world to goe, and Dwarfs and Wives, to convey them hence.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Gunny, I can tell thee the Gentleman like Raph.

Wife, Will George, I see it well enough: Gentlemen I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Raph; and I promise you, you shall see him often.

Bur. Merrey great Knight, I doe recant my ill, And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I gived thed merrey, but yet thou shalfe sweare Upon my Burning Pestle to performe

Thy promise utter'd.

Bur. I sweare and kisse.

Raph. Depart then and amend.

Come Squire and Dwarfe, the Sun growes towardes his set, And we have many more adventures yet.

Cit. Now Raph is in this humour, I know he would ha: beaten all the Boyes in the house, if they had beene set on him.

Wife. I: George; but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gentlemen doe consider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but looke George hath coynes Mistres Mary - chaunge, and Mistres Michael; now you and your mistres Mary - chaunge, now Raph has done you may goe on.

Mist. Mary - chaunge, and Mistres Michael.

Mist. Michael. My boyes y' liquids audt nof or em alius blissh, I fofsooth mother.

Mist. Mary. Be mery dikk, we are at home now: where I warrant you, you shal finde the house flang out of the windows: Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world y'faith with my Husbandes, I gett amonst them, Pe pleyn them such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither againe. Why, Master Charles, my husband, Husband, Charles Mery - thought.

Old Mer. within. If you will sing, and dance, and laugh, and hollow, and laughe againe, and then cry there boyes there: why then,

One, two, Nitro, and soure, We shall be mory within this houre.

Mist. Mer. Why Charles, doe you not know your owne na-

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

turall wife? I say open the doore, and turn me out those mangie  
companions; it is more then time that they were fellow like with  
you: you are a Gentleman Charles, and an old man, and father of  
two children; and I my selfe ( though I say it) by my mothers  
side, Niece to a Worshipfull Gentleman, and a Conduetor, hee  
has beeene three times in his Majesties service at Chester, and is  
now the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge upon his  
journey.

Old Mer. Go from my window, love go:  
Go from my window my deere,  
The winde and the rain will drive you back again,  
You cannot be lodged heere.

Hark you Mistris Merrithought, you that walke upon Adven-  
tures, and forsake your husband, because hee sings with never a  
penny in his purse; what shall I think my selfe the worse? Faith  
no, I'll be merry,

You come not heere, here's none but Lads of merrit, divers of a  
hundred yeers, and upwards, care never drunk their blouds, nor  
want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist. mer. Why M. Merrithought, what am I that you should  
laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler (as  
we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and  
sicknesse? have I not brought you Children? are they not like  
you Charles? look upon thine own Image, hard-hearted man, and  
yet for all this —

Old mer. within. Begon, begon my juggy, my puggy, begon my  
love my deere.

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canst not be  
lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musick, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope George, is he a gull bus, wollowd

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if he be George, I'll make bold to tell him hee's  
an ingrant old man, to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her Honey?

Hann

Wife.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Wife. Mary come up sir sauce-boxe, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay, prethee Nell chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then George, you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Master Merri-thought, may I crave a word with you?

Old mer. Within. Strike up lively Lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master Merri-thought, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weaknesse of his wife: for your wife is your own flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow; with whose help you draw through the myre of this transitory world: Nay, she's your own rib. And again —

Old mer. I come not hither for thee to teach, I have no pulpit for thee to preach, I would thou hadst kist me under the breech, As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Mary within vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poore Gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i' faith gray-beard, i' faith —

Cit. I prethee swer Hony-suckle, be content.

Wife. Give mee such words that am a Gentlewoman borne, hang him hoary Rascall. Get mee some drinke George, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his Knaves heart for it.

Old mer. Play mee a light Lavelio: come, be frolick, fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. mer. Why Master Merri-thought, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something, if not —

Song.

oldA

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

### Song.

You are no love for me Margaret, I am no love for you.

Come aloft Boyes, aloft.

Mist. mer. Now a Churles fart in your teeth sir : Come Mische, we'll not trouble him, a shal not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shall not: come boy, I'lc provide for thee, I warrant thee : wee'l go to Master Venternels the Merchant, i'lc get his letter to mine Host of the Bell in Walsham, there I'lc place thee with the Tapster; will not that do well for thee Wick? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly Knaue your father, I'lc use him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

Wife. Come George, where's the beere?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not ent of my minde yet, Gentlemen, I'lc begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, withall my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere George.

Finis Actus quartus. ill. Menick.

### Actus quartus, Secunda prima.

Boy danceth.

Wife. Look George, the little boy's come again, me thinks hee looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. George, I will have him dance Fading; Fading, is a fine Jig I'lc assure you Gentleman: begin brother, now a capers sweat heart, now a turn at th' toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire? Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two pence to buy your points withall.

Enter Jasper and Boy.

Jasp. There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me fourt lusty fellows?

Able

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect  
In all thy busynesse? *Boy.* Sir you need not feare,  
I have my lesson here, and cannot misse it;  
The men are ready for you, and what else  
Pertains to this employment. *Iasp.* There my boy,  
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare  
To see so young a purchaser: I fie,  
And on my wings carry your destiny. *Exit.*

*Iasp.* Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope  
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,  
And let it hold: stand fixt thou rolling stone,  
Till I enjoy my dearest: heare me all  
You powers that rule in men celestiall. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Go thy wayes, thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew  
in London; I warrant him he'll come to some naughty end or o-  
ther: for his looks say no lesse: Besides, his father (you know  
*George*) is none of the best, you heard him take mee up like a  
Gill flirt, and sing bawdy Songs upon me: but i' faith if I live  
*George*—

*Cit.* Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a trick in my head shall  
lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him sing *Pec-  
cavi*, ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him  
neither.

*Wife.* Do my good *George*, do.

*Cit.* What shall we have *Rafe* do now boy?

*Boy.* You shall have what you will sir.

*Cit.* Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy  
of Persia come and christen him a childe.

*Boy.* Believe me sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has  
been had before at the Red Bull.

*Wife.* *George*, let *Rafe* travell over great hills, and let him be  
weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia's* house, covered with  
velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window  
all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a combe of  
Ivory, and let her spy *Rafe*, and fall in love with him, and come  
down to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let  
*Rafe* talk with her.

H

*Cit.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* Well said *Nel*, it shall be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talke together: but wee cannot present a house covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

*Cit.* Sir Boy, lets ha't as you can then.

*Boy.* Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a Grocers Prentice to court a Kings daughter.

*Cit.* Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir *Dagonet*? was not hee Prentice to a Grocer in *London*? read the Play of the *Four Prentises of London*, where they tosse their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

*Boy.* It shall be done, it is not our fault Gentlemen. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George*. O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s daughter is drest.

*Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.*

*Cit.* I *Nell*, it is the fashion of that Country, I warrant thee.

*Lady.* Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court.

King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*. His daughter deare: but sure you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us No longer but a night. *Raph.* Damsell right faire,

I'me on many sad adventures bound,  
That call me forth into the Wilderness:  
Besides, my horses back is something gal'd,  
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace:  
But many thanks (faire Lady) be to you,  
For using errant Knight with courtesie.

*Lady.* But say (brave Knight) what is your name and birth?

*Rafe.* My name is *Rafe*, I am an Englishman,  
As true as steele, a hearty Englishman,  
And Prentice to a Grocer in the Strand,  
By deed indent, of which I have one part:  
But fortune calling me to follow Arms,  
On me this holy Order I did take,  
Of burning Pestle, which in all mens eyes,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I bear, confounding Ladies enemies.

*Lady.* Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,  
And fertile soile, and store of wholesome food;  
My father oft will tell me of a drink  
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd.  
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Rafe.* Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips  
To better *Nipitato* then there is.

*Lady.* And of a wild-fowle he will often speak,  
Which poudred beef and mustard called is:  
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you,  
But truly *Rafe* it was not long of me.  
Tell me then *Rafe* could you contented be,  
To weare a Ladies favour in your shield?

*Rafe.* I am a Knight of Religious Order,  
And will not weare a favour of a Ladies  
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

*Cit.* Well said *Rafe*, convert her if thou canst.

*Rafe.* Besides, I have a Lady of my own  
In merry *England*; for whose vertuous sake  
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her name,  
A Coblers maid in Milkstreet, whom I vow  
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

*Lady.* Happy that Cobling Dame, who ere she be  
That for her owne (dear *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.  
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day  
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.

*Rafe.* Lady farewell, I needs must take my leave.

*Lady.* Hard-hearted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceive.

*Cit.* Harke thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee; give  
Something in the King of *Cracovia*'s house, be not beholding  
to him.

*Rafe.* Lady before I goe, I must remember  
Your fathers Officers, who trutli to tell,  
Have beene about me very diligent:  
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,  
There's twelvepence for your fathers Chamberlaine.

## The Knight of the burning Peple.

And another shilling for his Cook,  
For by my troth the Goose was rosted well.  
And twelve pence for your fathers Horse-keeper,  
For nointing my horse back, and for his butter  
There is another shilling to the Maid  
That washt my boot-hole, there's an English groat,  
And twopence to the boy that wip't my boots.  
And last, faire Lady, there is for your selfe  
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo Faire*.

*Lady.* Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe  
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* Advance my Squire and Dwarfe, I cannot stay.

*Lady.* Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* I commend *Rafe* yet that hee will not stoop to a *Cracovian*, there's properer women in *London* then any are there I-wis. But here comes Master *Humphrey* and his Love again now *George*.

*Cit.* I Cunny, peace.

*Enter, Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.*

*Merc.* Go get you up, I will not be intreated.  
And Gossip mine I'le keep you safe hereafter  
From gadding out again, with boyes and unthrifts,  
Come they are womens teates, I know your fashion.  
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key. *Exit Luce, and Boy.*  
Safe as you love your life. Now my sonne *Humphrey*,  
You may both rest assured of my love  
In this, and reap your own desire.

*Hum.* I see this love you speak of, through your daughter.  
Although the hole be little, and hereafter  
Will yield the like in all I may or can,  
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.

*Merc.* I do believe you (my good sonne) and thank you:  
For 'twere an impudencie to think you flattered.

*Hum.* It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,  
I have been beaten twice about the lie.

*Mer.* Well sonne, as more as complement, my daughter  
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her.

Wee'le

## The Knight of the burning Puffe.

We'll have no stealing for it, I say so.  
And some few of our friends will see you married.  
*Hum.* I would you would i' faith, let it known,  
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

*Mer.* Some three dayes hence then.

*Hum.* Three dayes let me see,  
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,  
Because I mean against the pointed day,  
To visit all my friends in new array.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake with  
your Worship. *Mer.* What is shee?

*Ser.* Sir I askt her not.

*Mer.* Bid her come in.

*Enter Mistris Merry-thought and Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore Suitor  
to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.

*Mer.* Are you not wife to *Merrithought*.

*Mist. mer.* Yes truly, would I had never seene his eyes, he has  
undone me and himselfe, and his children, and there hee lives at  
home and sings, and hoyts, and revels among his drunken com-  
panions, but I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread  
in his mouth, he knows not: And therefore if it like your Wor-  
ship, I would intreat your Letter, to the honest Host of the Bell  
in Waltham, that I may place my childe under the protection of  
his Tapster, in some settled course of life.

*Mer.* I'me glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy hif-  
When I was ripe in sorrows caught at me, *clap a' on his g' band*  
Thy sonne like an unthankfull wrech, I having *aid to his wif*  
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine; *aid to his b'g*  
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter, *would it*  
Then wrongd this Gentleman, and last of all, *if he nob yant no*  
Gave me that griefe, had almost brought me downe *aid to his wif*  
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand *aid to his wif*  
Reliev'd my sorrows, go, and weep as I did,  
And be unpittied, for There professe *aid to his wif*  
An everlasting hate to all thy name: *aid to his wif*

*Mist. mer.* Will you so sir, how say you by that? come *Micky,*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle

let him keep his winde to cool his Pottage, we'll go thy to Nurses, Micke, she knits silk stockings boy, and we'll knit to boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

*Exeunt Michæl and mother.*

*Enter a Boy with a letter.*

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.

Mer. How then boy?

Boy. Then to your selfe sir comes this Letter.

Mer. From whom my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant but no more  
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,  
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,  
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd  
This paper with a charge to bring it hither,  
Read it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

*Letter.*

Merch. Sir that I have wronged your love, I must confess, in  
which I have purchast to my selfe; besides mine own un-  
doing, the ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good Sir, out-  
live me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgivenesse; let my  
body (if a dying man may so much prevaile with you) be brought to  
your daughter, that she may know my hot flames are now buried,  
and withall, receive a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertue:  
farewell for ever, and be ever happie.

*Jasper.*

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,  
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope  
He will not bite again: boy bring the body,  
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without sir. Mer. So sir, if you please  
You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

Hum. I'le be your Usher boy, for though I say it,  
He ow'd me somthing once, and well did pay it.

*Enter Luce alone.*

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted  
Upon the miserable, more then yet I feele,  
Let it together seize me, and at once

*Pressc*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Precie down my soule, I cannot beare the paine  
Of these delaying tortures thou that art entred, entred vnto his kna  
The end or all, and the sweet rest of all, I am entred, entred vnto  
Come, come oh Death bring me to thy peace,  
And blot out all the memory I nourish of my selfe I am entred vnto  
Both of father and my cruell friend.  
O wretched maid still living to be wretched,  
To be a say to fortune in her changes,  
And grow to number times and woes together,  
How happy had I been, if being born  
My grave had been my cradle?

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* By your leave

Yong Mistris, here's a boy hath brought a Coffin,  
What a would say I know not: but your father  
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

*Enter two bearing a Coffin; Jasper in it.*

*Luce.* For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

*Boy.* Faire Mistris, let me not adde greater griefe  
To that great store you have already; *Jasper* *liver* *and* *dead*  
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,  
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring  
His body hither, and to crave a teare  
From those faire eyes, though he deserve not pitty,  
To deck his Funerall; for so he bid me  
Tell her for whom he did do. *Luce.* He shall have many:  
Good friends depart a little, whilst I take *Exeunt Coffin-*  
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd: *carrion and Boys*  
Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee *udi has qui corde illi*  
To thy first heavenly being; O my friend! *noy ands kna*  
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me? *vsi* *qual*  
I shall not long be after, but believe me, *oy ob om no retted zool*  
Thou wert too cruell; *Jasper* 'gainst thy self; *nob wort* O *knal*  
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,  
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,  
But ever wer't most kinde, most true, most loving;  
And I the most unkinde, most false, most cruell.  
Didst thou but aske a teare? I'll give thee all,

*Even.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Even all my eyes can powre down all my sigh's  
And all my selfe, before thou goest from me  
There are but sparing Rites: But if thy soule  
Be yet about this place, and can behold  
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,  
It shall go up, born on the wings of peace,  
And satisfied: first will I sing thy Dirge,  
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,  
And fill on Coffin and on grave together.

### Song.

Come you whose loves are dead,

And whiles I sing

Weep and mourning laid yond a stony ground

Every hand and every head,

Bind with Cipres and sad Eme,

Ribbands black, and Candles blwe,

For him that was of men most true.

Come with heauie mourning,

And on his grave

Let him have

Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,

Let him have faire flowres enow,

White and purple, green and yellow,

For him that was of men most true.

Thou fable cloth, sad cover of my joyes,  
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

*Jasp.* And thus you meet the living. *Luce.* Save me Heaven,

*Jasp.* Nay, do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,  
Look better on me, do you know me yet?

*Luce.* O thou deare shadow of my friend.

*Jasp.* Deare substance,  
I swear I am no shadow, feele my hand,  
It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,  
Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,  
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proofer

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I put in practice of your constancy :  
For sooner should my sword have drunke my bloud,  
And set my soule at liberty, then drawn  
The least drop from that body; for which boldnesse  
Doom me to any thing : if death, I take it  
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'le give you for it,  
So, now I am satisfied : you are no spirit,  
But my own truest, truest, truest friend,  
Why do you come thus to me ?

*Iasp.* First, to see you,  
Then to convey you hence.

*Luce.* It cannot be,  
For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all hours,  
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

*Iasp.* Nothing more possible, within this Coffin  
Do you convey your self, let me alone,  
I have the wits of twenty men about me,  
Onely I crave the shelter of your Closet  
A little, and then feare me not ; creep in  
That they may presently convey you hence :  
Feare nothing dearest love, I'le be your second,  
Lie close, so, all goes well yet ; Boy.

*Boy.* At hand sir.

*Iasp.* Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

*Boy.* 'Tis done already.

*Iasp.* Now must I go conjure.

*Exit.*

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merch.* Boy, boy.

*Boy.* Your servant sir.

*Merch.* Do me this kindnesse boy, hold here's a crown: Before  
thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merry fa-  
ther, and salute him from me, and bid him sing, he bath cause.

*Boy.* I will sir.

*Merch.* And then bring me word what rite he is in, and have  
another crown: but do it truly.

I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him

I

*Boy.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Boy.* God blesse your Worships health sir.

*Merch.* Farewell boy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Master Merry-thought.*

*Wife.* Ah old Merry-thought, art thou there againe? let's heare some of thy songs.

*Old Mer.* Who can sing a merrier note  
Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a Dinner left, and yet my heart leaps; I doe wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streets: my wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it upon the Table at sixe a Clokke; therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman to carrie the clokce-bag still,  
Nor would I be a Fawleconer the greedy Hawkes to fill.  
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master too:  
But I would eat and drink of the best, & no work would I doe.

This is that keepes life and soule together, mirth: this is the Philosophers stonc that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever yong.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Bo.* Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more drinke.

*Old mer.* Will they not? let 'em chuse: the best is I have mirth at home, and need not fende abroad for that; let them keep their drinke to themselves.

For *Fillian* of *Berry* she dwells on a Hill,  
And she hath good Beere and Ale to sell,  
And of good fellowes she thinks no ill,  
And thither will we goe now, now, now, and thither  
Will we goe now.

And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not know what is to pay,  
But kisse your Hostesse and goe your way. And thither, &c.

*Enter another Boy.*

*2 Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

*Old mer.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

*Old mer.* Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feele hunger, I'lc warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

*Ho, ho, no body at home, meat, nor drink, nor money ha we none, fill the pot Eddy, never more need I.*

*Old. mer.* So boyes enough, follow mee, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Let him go George, a shal not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

*Cit.* No more, a shannot love; but *Nel*, I will have *Rafe*, doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all *Grocers*: sirrah you there boy, can none of you heare?

*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure.

*Cit.* Let *Rafe* come out on May day in the morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

*Boy.* Why sir, you do not think of our plot, what will become of that then?

*Cit.* Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'lc have him come out, or I'lc fetch him out my self, I'lc have something done in honour of the City: besides he hath been long enough upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, or if I come amongst you ——

*Boy.* Well sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.

*Exit.*

*Cit.* Bring him away then.

*Wife.* This will be brave i'faith: *George* shall not hee dance the Morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

*Cit.* No sweet-heart it will be too much for the boy. O ther he is *Nel*, he's reasonable well in reparell, but he has not Rings enough.

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. London, to thee I do present the merry moneth of May,  
Let each true Subject be content to beare me what I say:  
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appeare,  
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.  
My name is Rafe, by due descent, though not ignoble I,  
Yet farre inferiour to the flocke of gracions Grocery.  
And by the Common-councell of my felawes in the Strand,  
With gilded Staff, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.  
Rejoyce ô English bears, rejoice, rejoice ô Lovers deare,  
Rejoyce ô Cetie Town, and Country, rejoice eke every Shire;  
For now the fragrant floures do spring and sprout in seemly sort,  
The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make fine sport.  
And now the Buncbin Tree dore bude that makes the Schoolboy cry,  
The Morris ringys while Hobby-horse dash foot it foateously:  
The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their dispot and play,  
Do kisse sometimes upon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.  
Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to purge the blond,  
Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.  
Now little fish on tender stonye begin to cast their bellies,  
And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do croop out of their shelles,  
The rumbling Rivers now da warm for little boyes to pedle,  
The sturdie Steed, now goes to grasse, and up they hang his saddle.  
The hevy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascall and the Pricket,  
Are now among the Feomans Pease, and leave the fearfull thicket.  
And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,  
And tis aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gomme:  
With bels on legs, and napkins cleane unto your shoulders ti' do,  
With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Towne cry'd:  
March out and shew your willing minds, by twenty, and by twenty,  
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty.  
And let it ne're be said for shame, that in the youths of London,  
Lay shrumming of our caps at home, and left our custome undone.  
Up then I say, both yong and old, both man and maid a Maying  
With Drums and Guns that bounce alowd, and merry Taber playing.  
Which to prolong, God save our Kings, and send his Country peace,  
And root out Treason fram the Land, and so my friends I cease.  
Finis Act.4.

Actus.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Actus quintus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Merchant solus.*

*Merch.* I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives, and wee will have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beefe, stuck with Rosemary.

*Enter Jasper and his face mealed.*

*Jasp.* Forbear thy pains fond man, it is too late.

*Merch.* Heaven blesse me : *Jasper?*

*Jasp.* I, I am his Ghost

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love :  
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand  
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.  
First know thy daughter is quite born away,  
On wings on Angels: through the liquid Ayre.  
Too farre out of thy reach, and never more  
Shalt thou behold her face; But she and I  
Will in another world enjoy our loves,  
Where neither fathers anger, poverty,  
Nor any croise that troubles earthly men  
Shall make us sever our united hearts,  
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone  
In any place, but I will visit thee  
With gasty looks, and put into thy minde  
The great offences which thou didst to me.  
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart and fild with swelling wine,  
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thy self,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,  
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

*Merch.* Forgive me *Jasper*; Oh ! what might I do ?

*The Knight of the burning Peste.*

Tell me to satisfie thy troubled Ghost?

*Jasp.* There is no means too late thou thinkst on this.

*Mer.* But tell me what were best for me to doe?

*Jasp.* Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,  
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy doores.

*Exit Jasp.*

*Enter Humphrey.*

*Wife.* Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks beaten.

*Hum.* Father, my Bride is gone, faire Mistris *Luce*,  
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischiefs sluce.

*Mer.* Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion,  
Thou hast undone me.

*Hum.* Hold my father deare,  
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peere.

*Mer.* Thy father foole? there's some blows more, begon.  
*Jasper*, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,  
To see thy will perform'd, now I'le go  
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs.

*Exit.*

*Hum.* What shall I doe? I have been beaten twice.  
And Mistris *Luce* is gone? help me device:  
Since my tru-love is gone, I never more,  
Whilst I do live upon the Skie will pore;  
But in the dark will weare out my shoo-soles  
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Pauls*.

*Exit.*

*Wife.* *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you love me call *Rafe* hither, I  
have the bravest thing for him to doe *George*; prethee call him  
quickly.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy.

*Enter Rafe.*

*Rafe.* Heer sir.

*Cit.* Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy Mistris Boy.

*Wife.* *Rafe* I would have thee call all the youths together in  
battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags, and march to Mile-  
end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers to be  
merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burnig *Rafe*, and  
then skirmish, and let your Flags flie, and cry, kill, kill, kill: my  
husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Rafe*, and there's a Scarfe; for  
the rest, the house shall furnish you, and wee'le pay for't: doe it  
bravely

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Raph.*, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

*Raph.* I warrant you Mistresse, if I do it not for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedome.

*Wif.* Tis well spoken y'faith ; goe thy waies, thou art a sparke indeed.

*Cit.* *Raph, Raph,* double your files bravely *Raph.*

*Raph.* I warrant you sir.

*Exit Raph.*

*Cit.* Let him looke narrowly to his service, I shall take him else; I was there my selfe a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench, had my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am here.

*Drum within.*

*Wif.* Harke *George* the Drums.

*Cit.* Ran, tan, tan, tan ; ran tan : O wench an thou hadst but scene little *Ned of Algate*, drum *Ned*, how he made it roare againe, and laid on like a tyrant : and then stroke softly till the ward came up, and then thundred againe, and together we goc : sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns : courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines : Saint *George*, quoth the pike-men ; and withall here they lay, and there they lay : And yet for all this I am here wench.

*Wif.* Be thankfull for it *George*, for indeed tis wonderfull.

*Enter Raph and his company with Drums and Colours.*

*Raph.* March faire my hearts ; Lievttenant beat the reare up : Ancient let your Colours flie, but have a great care of the Butchers hooks at White-Chappell, they have bin the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition : Serjeant call a Muster.

*Serg.* A stand, *William Hamerton Pewterer.*

*Ham.* Here Captainc.

*Raph.* A Corflet and a Spanish pike ; tis well, can you shake it with a terroure ?

*Ham.*

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

*Hans.* I hope so Captain.

*Rafe.* Charge upon me, tis with the weak fist: put more strength  
*William Hamerton*, more strength: as you were again. Proceed  
Serjant.

*Serg.* George Green-goose Poulterer.

*Green.* Here.

*Rafe.* Let mee see your Peccc neighbour Green-goose, when  
was she shot in?

*Green.* And like you Master Captain, I made a shot even now,  
partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

*Rafe.* It should seeme so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a mayn fault in the touch-hole, it runnes  
and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it. Ten  
such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army. Get you  
a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, sweet Oile, and  
Paper, and your Piece may do well enough yet. Where's your  
powder?

*Green.* Here.

*Rafe.* What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,  
it craves a Martiall Court: you ought to die for't.

Where's your horn? answer me to that.

*Green.* An't like you sir, I was oblivious.

*Rafe.* It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you,  
and a scandall to all our Neighbours, being a man of worth and  
estimation, to leave your horne behinde you: I am afraid  
'twill breed example. But let mee tell you no more on't;  
stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th'noſt of your  
flaske?

1. *Souldier.* Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with  
powder.

*Rafe.* Put on a new one at the Citics charge. Where's the ſtone  
of this Peccc?

2. *Souldier.* The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobac-  
co.

*Rafe.* 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a  
Noſe, and you a ſtone; Serjeant, take a note on't, for I  
mean to ſtop it in the pay. Remove and march, ſoft and  
faire

### The Knight of the burning Pestle.

faire Gentlemen; soft and faire : double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keep in there & look to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellows flask anonc. So, make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes, stand and give earc. Gentlemen , Ccountry-men , Friends , and my fellow-souldiers , I have brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content , to measure out in these furious fields , Honour by the ell ; and prouesse by the pound : Let it not, O let it not , I say , be told hereafter , the noble issue of this Civic fainted ; but beare your selves in this faire action, like men , valiant men , and freemen : Feare not the face of the enemie : nor the noyse of the Guns : for belieue mee brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewers Carric is more terrible , of which you have a daily experience : Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stinke is nighly with you. To a resolved minde, his home is every-where : I speake not this to take away the hope of your return ; for you shall see (I doe not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives againe , and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, & like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scour me this famous Realme of enemis. I have no more to say but this : Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an apron. Saint George, and on my harts. *Omnis. Saint George, Saint George.* Exeunt.

*Wife.* 'Twas well done Rafe ; I'le send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beere ; and it may be , come my selfe to see thee.

*Cit.* Nel, the boy hath deceived mee much, I did not think it had been in him : he has performed such a matter wench, that if I live, next yeere I'le have him Captain of the Gallifoist , or I'le want my will.

Enter Old merri-thought.

*Old mer.* Yet I thanke God , I breake not a tinkle morethen I had , not a stoop boyes ? Care live with Cats , I detie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oake ; and though I want drinke to wet my whistle, I cansing.

K

Come

The Knight of the burning Pestle

Come no more there boyes, come no more there  
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you sir.

Old mer. It's a brave Boy: canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessarie at this time.

Old mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old mer. O the Mimon round, full long I have thee fought,  
And now I have thee found, and what haft thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, sir, and your dead sonne Jasper in it.

Old mer. Dead? why fare well he: thou hast now lost a bo

Thou wast a bonnie boy, and I did love thee.

Old mer. Then I pray you sir do so still me. Enter Jasper.

Old mer. Jasper thou art welcome from Stygian lake  
so soone, Declar to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jas. By my troth sir, I ne're came there, tis too hot for me sir.

Old mer. A merry Ghost, a verie merrie Ghost.  
And where is your true-love? O where is yours?

Jas. Marry look you sir. Heaves up the Coffin.

Old mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that i' faith? With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the World it runs on wheels.  
When the young mans d— up goes the Maidens heels.

Mistress Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist. mer. What Mi. Merri-thought, will you not let's in?  
what do you think shall become of us?

Old mer. What voice is that that calleth at our doore?

Mist. me. You know mee well enough, I am surs I have not  
been such a stranger to you.

Old

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Old. mer. And some they whistled, and some they sang Boy,  
down, down : and some did lowdly say, ever as the Lord Barnes  
horn blew, away Musgrave, away.

Mist. mer. You will not have us starve here, will you Master  
Merri-thought ?

Iasp. Nay, good sir be perswaded, sheo is my mother : if her  
offences have bin great against you, let your own love remeber  
she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master Merri-thought, let me intreat you, I will  
not be denied.

Mist. mer. Why Master Merri-thought, will you be a vext  
thing still ?

Old mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall  
sing before you enter : therefore dispatch your Song, and so come  
in.

Mist. mer. Well, you must have your will when al's done  
Mick what Song canst thou sing Boy ?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies daughter of Paris  
properly.

Mich. Mer. Song. It was a Ladies daughter, &c.

Old mer. Come you're welcome home again.  
If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turne, You  
shall go no more a Maying.

Merch. within. Are you within sir, Master Merri-thought ?

Iasp. It is my masters voice, good sir go hold him talk whilst  
we convey our selves into some inward room.

Old mer. What are you ? are you merrie ? you must be verie  
merrie if you enter.

Mer. I am sir.

Old mer. Sing then.

Mer. Nay, good sir open to me.

Old mer. Sing, I say, or by the merrie heart you come not in.

Mer. Well sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my fee, &c.

Old mer. You are welcome sir, you are welcome : you see your  
entertainment, pray you be merry.

Mer. O Master Merri-thought, I am come to aske you

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Forgivenesse for the wrongs I offered you,  
And your most vertuous sonne, they're infinite,  
Yet my contrition shall be more then they.  
I do confess my hardnesse broke his heart.  
For which just Heaven hath given me punishment  
More then my age can carrie, his wandering spirit  
Not yet at rest pursues me every-where,  
Crying, I'le haunt thee for thy cruelty.  
My daughter she is gone I know not how,  
Taken invisible, and whether living,  
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.  
O Master Merry-thought, these are the weights,  
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me sir.

*Old mer.* Why sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.  
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knave.  
Can you forgive him too? *Merch.* Withall my heartside.

*Old mer.* Speak it again, and heartily!  
*Mer.* I do sir.  
Now by my soule I do.

*Old mer.* With that came out his Paramour,  
She was as white as the Lilly floure,  
Hey trouble, trolic lolic. *Enter Luce and Jasper.*  
With that came out her own deare Knight,  
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.  
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together, there's no  
more to be said i'th' matter.

*Mer.* Ide, I do.  
*Cit.* I do not like this, peace boyes, heare me one of you, every  
bodies part is come to an end but *Rafe*, and he's left out.

*Boy.* 'Tis long of your selfe sir, wee have nothing to doe with  
his part.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, Comeaway, make on him as you have done of the  
rest, boyes come.

*Wife.* Now good husband let him come out and die.  
*Cit.* He shall *Nel*, *Rafe*, come away quickly and die boy.

*Boy.* 'Twll be verie unfit he should die sir, upon no occasion,  
and in a Comedie too.

*Cit.* Take

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Take you no care for that sir boy, is not his part at an end,  
think you, when he's dead? come away Rafe.

Enter Rafe, with a forked arrow through his head.

Rafe. When I was mortall, this my costive corps  
Did lap up Figs and Raisons in the Strand,  
Where sitting I espi'd a lovely Dame,  
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All,  
And under ground he vamped many a Boot,  
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,  
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise,  
Through Waltham Desert, where I did performe  
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground  
Huge Barbaroso that insulting Giant,  
And all his Captives soon set at libertie.  
Then honour prickt me from my native soile,  
Into Moldavia, where I gaid the love  
Of Pompiana his beloved daughter:  
But yet prov'd constant to the black thum'd maid  
Susan, and scorn'd Pompianas love:  
Yet liberall I was, and gave her pins,  
And monie for her fathers Officers,  
I then returned home, and thrusst my selfe  
In action, and by all means chosen was  
The Lord of May, where I did flourish it,  
With Skarfs, and Rings, and Pochie in my hand,  
After this action I preferred was,  
And chosen Citie Captain at Mile-end,  
With Hat and Feather, and with leading staffe,  
And train'd my men, and brought them all off cleer,  
Save one man that berai'd him with the noise.  
But all these things I Rafe did undertake,  
Onely for my beloved Susans sake,  
Then comming home, and sitting in my shop  
With Apron blew, Death came unto my stall  
To cheapen Aquarite, but ere I  
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,

## The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Death came and caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,  
And sprinkled all my face and body o're,  
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction i' faith.

Rafe. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,  
And walkt in Moor-fields, to coole my selfe,  
But there grim cruell death met me again,  
And shot this forked Arrow through my head,  
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,  
My fellows every one of forked heads.  
Farewell all you good boyes in metrie London,  
Ne're shall we more upon Shrovetuesday meet,  
And pluck down houses of iniquitic.  
My pain increaseth, I shall never more  
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,  
Nor daube a Satten gown with rotten Eggs,  
Set up a Stake, O never more I shall,  
I die, flic, flic my soule to Grocers Hall. *oh, oh, oh, &c.*

Wife. Well said Rafe, do your obysiance to the Gentlemen and go your ways, well said Rafe.

Exit Rafe.

Old mer. Me thinks all wee, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled should not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old mer. Strike up then.

Song.

Better Musick ne'ne was known,  
Then a quire of hearts in one.  
Let each other that hath been,  
Troubled with the gall or spleen :  
Learn of us to keep his brow,  
Smooth and plain as ours are now.  
Sing though before the houre of dying  
He shall rise and then be crying,  
Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth,  
That keeps the bodie from the earth,

Excut Omnes.

Epilogus

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Epilogus.*

*Cit.* Come *Nel*, shall we go, the Plays done?

*Wife.* Nay, by my faith *George*, I have more manners then so,  
i'lc speake to these Gentlemen first: I thanke you all Gentlemen,  
for your patience and countenance to *Rafe*, a poore fatherlesse  
childe, and if I may see you at my house, it should go hard, but I  
would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of Tobacco for you, for  
truly I hope you like the youth, but I would be glad to know the  
truth: I referre it to your owne discretions, whether you will  
applaud him or no, for I will winke, and whilst you shall doe  
what you will, I thank you with all my heart, God give you good  
night; come *George*.

F I N I S.

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